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THE
WOMAN
HATER,

OR THE
Hungry Courtier.

A COMEDY,

*As it hath been Acted by his Majesties
Servants with great Applause.*

Written by

{ FRANCIS BEAMONT }
AND
{ JOHN FLETCHER. } Gent.

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The Prologue to the *Woman-hater*, or the *Hungry Courtier*.

Ladies take't as a secret in your Eare,
In stead of homage, and kind welcome here,
I heartily could wish you all were gone ;
For if you stay, good faith, we are undone.
Alas ! you now expect, the usuall wayes
Of our addresse, which is your Sexes praise :
But we to night, unluckily must speake,
Such things will make your Lovers-Heart-strings breake,
Bely your Virtues, and your beauties staine,
With words, contriv'd long since, in your disdain.
'Tis strange you stirre not yet ; not all this while
Lift up your Fannes to hide a scornfull smile :
Whisper, or jog your Lords to steale away ;
So leave us i' act, unto our selves, our Play :
Then sure, there may be hope, you can subdue
Your patience to endure an Act or two :
Nay more, when you are told our Poets rage
Pursues but one example, which that age
Wherein he liv'd produc'd ; and we rely
Not on the truth, but the varietie.
His Muse beleev'd not, what she then did write ;
Her Wings were wont to make a nobler flight ;
Sor'd high, and to the Stars, your Sex did raise ;
For which, full Twenty yeares, he wore the Bayes.
'Twas he reduc'd Evandra from her scorne,
And taught the sad Aspacia how to mourne ;
Gave Arethusa's love a glad reliefe.
And made Panthea elegant in grieve.
If those great Trophies of his noble Muse,
Cannot one humor 'gainst your Sex excuse
Which we present to night ; you'l finde a way
How to make good the Libell in our Play :
So you are cruell to your selves ; whilst he
(Safe in the fame of his integritie)
Will be a Prophet, not a Poet thought ;
And this fine Web last long though loosely wrought.

THE

The Epilogue to the *Woman-hater*, or the *Hungry Courtier*.

THe monuments of *Vertue* and desert,
Appeare more goodly when the glosse of *Art*
Is eaten off by time, then when at first:
They were set up, not censur'd at the worst
We have done our best for your contents to fit,
With new paines, this old monument of wit.

Dramatis Personæ.

Duke of *Millaine*
Gordamio, The Woman-Hater
Count Valore, Brother to *Oriana*
Lucio, A foolish Femall Statesman
Arigo, A Courtier attending the Duke
Lazarillo, A Voluptuous Smell-feast
His Boy.
A Mercer, A City-Gull, Perlously in Love with Learning.
A Pander
A Gentleman, Instructor to *Lucio*
A Secretary to *Lucio*
Two Intelligencers
Servants.
Oriana, The Dukes Mistris
An old deafe Country Gentlewoman
Ladies
Madona, A Courtezan
Fraciscina, One of her Wastcote-wayters.

The Scene Millaine.

THE



The Prologue.

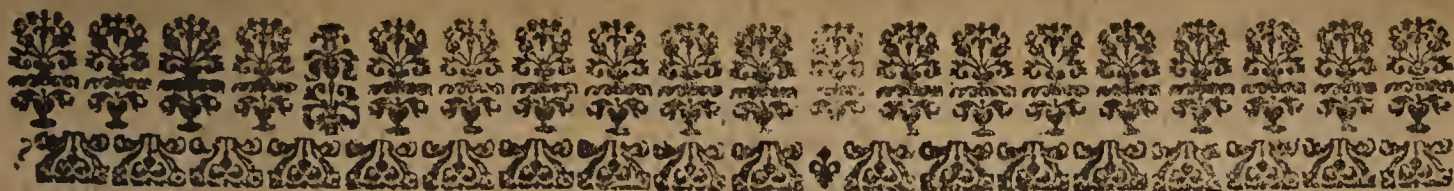


Entlemen, inductions are out of date, and a Prologue in Verse is as stale as a black Velvet Cloake, and a bay Garland: Therefore you shall have it playne Prose thus: If there be any amongst you, that come to heare lascivious Scenes, let them depart: for I doe pronounce this, to the utter discomfort of all twopeny Gallerie men, you shall have no baudery in it: or if there be any lurking amongst you in Corners, with Tablebookes, who have some hope to finde fitt matter to feede his —— mallice on, let them claspe them up, and slinke away, or stay and be converted. For he that made this Play, meanes to please Auditors so, as he may bee an Auditor himselfe hereafter, and not purchase them with the dearenesse of his cares: I dare not call it Comedie, or Tragedie; tis perfectly neither: A Play it is, which was meant to make you laugh, how it would please you, is not written in my part: For though you should like it to day, perhaps your
A 2 selves

The Prologue.

selves know not how you should disgest it to morrow : Some things in it you may meete with, which are out of the common Raade : a Duke there is, and the Scene lyes in Italy, as those two things lightly wee never misse. But you shall not finde in it the ordinarie and over-worne trade of jesting at Lords and Courtiers, and Citizens, without taxation of any particular or new vice by them found out, but at the persons of them : such, he that made this, thinkes vile; and for his owne part voves, That hee did never thinke, but that a Lord Lord-borne might bee a wise man, and a Courtier an honest man.





The VVoman Hater.

ACTVS I. SCENA.

Enter Duke of Millaine, Arrigo, Lucio, and two Courtiers.

Tis now the sweetest time for sleep,
the night is scarce spent; *Arrigo*
what's a cloke?

Arr. Past foure.

Duk. Is it so much, and yet the morne
not up?

Se yonder where the shamfac'd maiden
comes

Into our sight, how gently doeth shee slide,
Hiding her chaste cheekes, like a modest
Bride,

With a red vaile of blushes; as if shee—

(Even such all modest vertuous women be)

Why thinkes your Lordship I am up so
soone?

Lucio. About some waightie State plot.

Duk. And what thinkes your knighthood
of it?

Arr. I doe thinke, to cure some strange
corruptions in the common wealth.

Duke. Y'are well conceited of your selves
to thinke

I choose you out to beare me company

In such affaires and businesse of state:

But am not I a patterne for all Princes,

That breake my soft sleepe for my subjects
good?

Am I not carefull? very provident?

Luc. Your grace is carefull.

Arri. Very provident.

Duk. Nay knew you how my serious
working plots,

Concerne the whole estates of all my sub-
jects,

I and their lives; then *Lucio* thou wouldst
swear,

I were a loving Prince.

Luc. I thinke your grace intends to walke
the publike streets disguised, to see the
streets disorders.

Duk. It is not so.

Arrig. You secretly will crosse some other
states, that doe conspire against you.

Duke. Weightier farre:

You are my friends, and you shall have the
cause;

I breake my sleeps thus soone to see a wench

Lucio. Y'are wondrous carefull for your
subjects good.

Arrig. You are a very loving Prince in
deed.

Duk. This care I take for them, when
their dull eyes,
Are clos'd with heauie slumbers.

Arr. Then you rise to see your wenches?

Lucio. What *Millaine* beautie hath the
power, to charme her Soveraigne eyes, and
breake his sleepes?

Duke. Sister to Count *Valore*: She's a
maide

Would make a Prince forget his throne and
state,

And lowly kneele to her: the generall fate
Of all mortality, is hers to give;

As she disposeth, so we die and live.

Luc. My Lord, the day grow's cleare, the
Court will rise.

Duk. We stay too long, is the *Vmbranoes*
head as we commanded, sent to the sadde
Gondarino, our generall?

Arr. Tis sent.

Duk. But stay, where shines that light?

A 3

Arrig.

Arrig. Tis in the Chamber of *Lazarello*.

Duk. Lazarello? what is he?

Arrig. A Courtier my Lord, and one that I wonder your grace knowes not : for hee hath followed your Court, and your last predecessors, from place to place, any time this seven yeare, as faithfully as your Spits and your Dripping-pans have done, and almost as greafely.

Duk. O we know him, as we have heard, he keepe a kallender of all the famous dishes of meat, that have bin in the Court, ever since our great Grandfathers time; and when he can thrust in at no Table, he makes his meate of that.

Lucio. The very same my Lord.

Duk. A Courtier call'st thou him? Beleeve me *Lucio*, there be many such About our Court, respected, as they thinke, Even by our selfe; with thee I will be plaine: We Princes do use, to preferre many for nothing, and to take particular and free knowledge, almost in the nature of acquaintance of many; whom wee doe use onely for our pleasures, and to give largely to numbers; more out of pollicie, to be thought liberall, and by that meanes to make the people strive to deserve our love; then to reward any particular desert of theirs, to whom wee give: and do suffer our selves to heare flatterers, more for recreation Then for love of it, though we sildome hate it:

And yet we know all these, and when wee please,

Can touch the wheele, and turne their names about.

Luc. I wonder they that know their states so well, should fancie such base slaves.

Duk. Thou wondrest *Lucio*,
Do'st not thou thinke, if thou wert Duke of *Millaine*.

Thou should'st be flattered?

Luc. I know my Lord, I would not.

Duk. Why so I thought till I was Duke, I thought I should have left me no more Flatterers, then there are now plaine-dealers; and yet for all this my resolution, I am most palpably flattered: the poore man may loath coverousnesse and flattery, but Fortune will alter the minde when the winde turnes:

there may be well a little conflict, but it will drive the byllowes before it.

Arrigo it grow's late, for see faire *Theris* hath undone the barres

To *Phebus* teame; and his unrival'd light,
Hath chas'd the mornings modest blush away:

Now must wee to our love, bright *Paphian* Queene;

Thou *Cytherean* goddesse, that delights
In stirring glaunces, and art still thy selfe,
More toying then thy teame of Sparrowes bee;

Thou laughing *Errecina* O inspire
Her heart with love, or lessen my desire.

Eneunt

SCENA II.

Enter Lazarillo and his Boy.

Laz. Goe runne, search, pry in every nook and Angle of the kitchins, larders, and pasteries, know what meate's boyl'd, bak'd, rost, stew'd, fri'de, or sows'd, at this dinner to be serv'd directly, or indirectly, to every severall table in the Court, be gone.

Boy. I runne, but not so fast, as your mouth will doe upon the stroake of eleven.

Exit Boy.

Laz. What an excellent thing did God bestow upon man, when he did give him a good stomack? what unbounded graces there are powr'd upon them, that have the continuall command of the very best of these blessings? Tis an excellent thing to be a Prince, he is serv'd with such admirable varietie of fare; such innumerable choise of delicates, his tables are full fraught with most nourishing food, and his cubbards heavy laden with rich wines; his Court is still filled with most pleasant varietyes: In the Summer, his pallace is full of greene geese; and in winter it swarmeth woodcocks,
O thou Goddesse of plentie

Fill me this day with some rare delicates,
And I will every yeare most constantly,
As this day celebrate a sumptuous feast,
If thou wilt send me victuals in thine honor?
And to it shall be bidden for thy sake,
Even all the valiant stomacks in the Court:
All short-cloak'd Knights, and all crosse-garter'd Gentlemen;

All pompe and pantoſſe, foot-cloth riders ;
With all the ſwarming generation
Of long ſtocks, ſhort pain'd hoſe, and huge
ſtuſſ'd dublets :

All theſe ſhall eate, and which is more then
yet

Hath ere beene ſeene, they ſhall be ſatiſfied.
I wonder my Ambaſſador returnes not ?

Boy. Here I am Maſter. (Enter Boy.

Laza. And welcome :

Never did that ſweete Virgin in her ſmocke,
Faſt cheek'd *Andromeda*, when to the rock
Her yvorie limbes were chain'de, & ſtraight
before

A huge Sea monſter, tumbling to the
ſhoare,

To have devour'd her, with more longing
ſight

Expect the comming of ſome hardy Knight,
That might have queal'd his pride, and ſet
her free,

Then I with longing ſight have look'd for
thee.

Boy. Your *Perſeus* is come Maſter, that
will deſtroy him,

The very comfort of whoſe preſence ſhuts
The monſter hunger from your yelping guts

Laza. Briefe boy, briefe, diſcourſe the
ſervice of each ſeverall Table compendi-
ouſly.

Boy. Heres a Bill of all Sir.

Laza. Give it me, A Bill of all the ſeve-
rall ſervices this day appointed for every
Table in the Court;

I, this is it on which my hopes relye,
Within this paper all my joyes are clos'de :
Boy open it, and read it with reverence.

Boy. For the Captaine of the Guards
Table, three chynes of Beefe, and two jolls
of Sturgeon.

Laza. A portly ſervice, but groſſe, groſſe,
proceed to the Dukes own Table, deare boy
to the Dukes owne Table,

Boy. For the Dukes owne Table, the head
of an *Vmbrana*.

Laza. Is't poſſible ? can Heaven be ſo
propitious to the Duke ?

Boy. Yes, Ile aſſure you Sir, 'tis poſſible,
Heaven is ſo propitious to him.

Laza. Why then he is the richeſt Prince
alive :

He were the wealthieſt Monarch in all Eu-
rope,

Had he no other Territories, Dominions,
Provinces, Seats,

Nor Pallaces, but onely that *Vmbranes* head.

Boy. 'Tis very freſh and ſweet Sir, the fiſh
was taken but this night, and the head as a
rare noveltie appointed by ſpeciall com-
mandement for the Dukes own Table, this
dinner.

Laza. If poore unworthy I may come to
eat

Of this moſt ſacred diſh, I here do vow
(If that blinde huſwife Fortune will beſtow
But meanes on me) to keepe a ſumptuous
houſe,

A board groning under the heaſie bur-
den of the beaſts that cheweth the cudde,
and the Fowle that cutteth the ayre : I ſhall
not like the table of a country Juſtice, be-
ſprinkled over with all manner of cheape
Sallets, ſliced Beefe, Giblets, and Pettitoes,
to fill up roome, nor ſhould there ſtand any
great, comberſome, vncut up pyes at the
nether end fill'd with moſſe and ſtones, partly
to make a ſhew with, and partly to keepe
the lower meſſe from eating, nor ſhall my
meat come in ſneaking like the Citie-ſer-
vice, one diſh a quarter of an houre after one
another, and gone, as if they had appointed
to meet there, and had miſtooke the houre,
nor ſhould it like the new Court ſervice
come in, in haſte, as if it ſaine would be gone
again, all courſes at once, like a hunting
breakefaſt, but I would have my ſeverall
courſes, and my diſhes well fill'd, my firſt
courſe ſhould be brought in after the anti-
ent manner, by a ſcore of old bleere-ey'd
Sirvingmen, in long blew coates, (marry
they ſhall buy ſilke, facing, and buttons
themſelves) but that's by the way.

Boy. Maſter the time call's on, will you
be walking. Exit Boy.

Laza. Follow boy, follow, my guts were
halfe an houre ſince in the privie kitchen.

Exeunt.

SCENA TERTIA.

Enter Counte and his ſiſter Oriana.

Oria. Faith brother I muſt needs goe
yonder.

Count.

Count. And yfaith sister what will you do yonder.

Oria I know the Lady Honoria will be glad to see me,

Count. Glad to see you, sayth the Lady Honoria cares for you as she doth for all other young Ladies, shee's glad to see you, and will shew you the privie Garden, and tell you how many gownes the Duchesse had: Marry if you have ever an old Vncle, that would be a Lord, or ever a kinsman that hath done a murther, or committed a robbrie, and will give good store of mony to procure his pardon, then the Lady Honoria will be glad to see you.

Oria. I, but they say one shall see fine sights at the Count.

Count. Ile tell you what you shall see, you shall see many faces of mans making, for you shall find very few as God left them: and you shall see many legges too; amongst the rest you shall behold one payre, the feet of which, were in times past socklesse, but are now through the change of time (that alters all things) very strangely become the legges of a Knight and a Courtier: another payre you shall see, that were heire apparent legges to a Glover, these legges hope shortly to bee honourable; when they passe by they will bowe, and the mouth to these legges, will seeme to offer you some Courtship; it will not sweare, but it will lye, heare it not.

Oria. Why, and are not these fine sights?

Count. Sister, in seriousness you yet are young

And faire, a faire yong maid and apt.

Oria. Apt?

Count. Exceeding apt, apt to be drawne to.

Oria. To what?

Count. To that you should not be, 'tis no dispraise,

She is not bad that hath desire to ill,
But she that hath no power to rule that will:
For there you shall be wooed in other kinds
Then yet your yeares have knowne, the
chiefest men

Will seeme to throw themselves
As vassalles at your service, kisse your hand,
Prepare you banquets, maskes, shewes, all
intisements.

That wit and lust together can devise,
To draw a Ladie from the state of grace
To an old Lady widdowes Gallery;
And they will praise your vertues, beware
that,

The onely way to turne a woman whore,
Is to commend her chastitie: youle goe?

Oria. I would go, if it were but onely to shew you, that I could be there, and be mov'd with none of these trickes.

Cont. Your servants are ready!

Oria. An houre since.

Cont. Well, if you come off cleere from this hot service,

Your praise shall be the greater. Farewell Sister.

Oria. Farewell Brother.

Cont. Once more, if you stay in the presence till candlelight, keep on the fore-side oth' Curtaine; and doe you heare, take heed of the old Bawd, in the cloth of Tissue-sleeves, and the knit Mittines. Farewell Sister.

Exit Oria.

Now am I idle, I would I had bin a Scholler that I might a studied now: the punishment of meaner men is, they have too much to do; our onely miserie is, that without company we know not what to doe; I must take some of the common courses of our Nobilitie; which is thus: if I can find no company that likes mee, pluck off my Hatband, throw an old Cloake over my face, and as if I would not bee knowne, walke hastily through the streets, till I be discovered; then there goes Count such a one, sayes one; there goes Count such a one, sayes another: Looke how fast he goes, sayes a third; there's some great matters in hand questionlesse, sayes a fourth; when all my businesse is to have them say so: this hath beene used; or if I can find any companie, Ile after dinner to the Stage, to see a Play; where, when I first enter, you shall have a murmure in the house, every one that does not know, cries, what Noble man is that; all the Gallants on the Stage rise, vayne to me, kisse their hand, offer mee their places: then I picke out some one, whom I please to grace among the rest, take his seate, use it, throw my cloake over my face, and laugh at him: the poore gentle-man imagine's himselfe most highly

highly grac'd, thinkes all the Auditors
esteeme him one of my bosome friends, and
in right speciall regard with me. But here
comes a Gentleman, that I hope will make
me better sport, then either street and stage
fooleries.

Enter Lazarello and Boy.

This man loves to eate good meate, alwayes
provided hee do not pay for it himselfe: he
goes by the name of the *Hungry Courtier*;
matry, because I thinke that name will not
sufficiently distinguish him, for no doubt he
hath more fellowes there, his name is *Lazarello*, he is none of these same ordinary
eaters, that will devour three breakfasts, and
as many dinners, without any prejudice to
their beavers, drinkings or suppers; but he
hath a more courtly kind of hunger, and
doth hunt more after novelty, then plenty,
He over-heare him.

Laza. O thou most itching kindly appe-
tite,

Which every creature in his stomack feeles;
O leave, leave yet at last thus to torment me.
Three severall Sallets have I sacrific'de,
Bedew'd with precious oyle and vineger.
Already to appease thy greedy wrath. Boy.

Boy. Sir.

Laza. Will the Count speake with me.

Boy. One of his Gentlemen is gone to en-
forme him of your comming Sir.

Laza. There is no way left for me to
compasse this Fish head, but by being pre-
sently made knowne to the Duke.

Boy. That will be hard Sir.

Laza. When I have tasted of this sacred
dish,

Then shall my bones rest in my fathers
tombe

In peace, then shall I dye most willingly,

And as a dish be serv'd to satisfie

Deaths hunger, and I will be buried thus:

My Beere shall be a charger borne by
foure,

The coffin where I lye, a powdring tubbe,
Bestrew'd with Lettice, and coole sallet
hearbes,

My winding sheet of Tanseyes, the blacke
guard

Shalbe my solemne mourners, and in stead
Of ceremonies, wholsom buriall prayers:

A printed dirge in ryme, shall burie me

Instead of teares, let them pour Capon sauce
upon my hearse, and salt in stead of dust,
Manchets for stones, for other glorious
shields

Give me a Voyder, and above my hearse

For a Trutch sword, my naked knife stuck
up.

The Count discovers himselfe.

Boy. Master, the Count's here.

Laza. Where? my Lord I doe beseech
you.

Count. Y'are very welcome sir, I pray you
stand up, you shall dine with me.

Laza. I doe beseech your Lordship by the
love

I still have borne to your honourable house.

Count. Sir, what need all this? you shall
dine with me, I pray rise.

Laza. Perhaps your Lordship takes me
for one of these same fellowes, that doe as it
were respect victuals.

Count. O Sir, by no meanes.

Laza. Your Lordship ha's often promised,
that whensoever I should affect greatnesse,
your owne hand should helpe to raise me.

Count. And so much still assure your selfe
of.

Laza. And though I must confesse, I have
ever shun'de popularitie by the example of
others, yet I do now feele my selfe a little
ambitious, your Lordship is great, and
though young, yet a privie Counseller.

Count. I pray you Sir leape into the mat-
ter, what would you have me do for you?

Laza. I would intreat your Lordship to
make mee knowne to the Duke.

Count. When sir?

Laza. Suddenly my Lord, I would have
you present me unto him this morning.

Count. It shall be done, but for what ver-
tues, would you have him take notice of
you?

Laza. Your Lordship shal know that pre-
sently.

Count. Tis pittie of this fellow, he is of good
wit, and sufficient understanding, when he is
not troubled with this greedy worme.

Lazar. Faith, you may intreat him to
take notice of mee for any thing; for being
an excellent Farrier, for playing well at
Span-counter, or sticking knives in walls, for
being impudent, or for nothing; why may

not I be a Favorite on the suddaine? I see nothing against it.

Count. Not so sir, I know you have not the face to be a favorite on the suddaine,

Laz. Why then you shall present me as a gentleman well qualified; or one extraordinary seen in divers strange misteries.

Count. In what sir? as how?

Laz. Marrie as thus-- *Enter Intelligencer.*

Count. Yonders my olde Spirit, that hath haunted mee daily, ever since I was a privy Counsellor, I must be rid of him, I pray you stay there, I am a little busie, I will speake with you presently.

Laz. You shall bring mee in, and after a little other talke, taking me by the hand, you shall utter these words to the Duke: May it please your grace, to take note of a gentleman, well read, deeply learned, and thoroughly grounded in the hidden knowledge of all Sallets and pothearbs whatsoever.

Count. Twill be rare, if you will walke before Sir, I will overtake you instantly.

Lazar. Your Lordships ever.

Count. This fellow is a kind of an informer, one that lives in Alehouses, and Taverns, and because he perceives some worthy men in this land, with much labour and great expence, to have discovered things dangerously hanging over the State; he thinkes to discover as much out of the talke of drunkards in Taphouses: he brings me informations, pick'd out of broken words, in mens common talke, which with his malicious misapplication, he hopes will seeme dangerous, he doth besides bring mee the names of all the young Gentlemen in the Citie, that use Ordinaries, or Taverns, talking (to my thinking) onely as the freedom of their youth teach them, without any further ends; for dangerous and seditious spirits, he is besides an arrant whoremaster, as any is in *Millaine*, of a lay man. I will not meddle with the Clergie, he is parcell Lawyer, and in my conscience much of their religion, I must put upon him some peece of service; come hither Sir, what have you to doe with me?

Int. Little my Lord, I only come to know how your Lordship would employ me.

Count. Observed you that gentleman, that parted from me but now.

Int. I saw him now my Lord.

Count. I was sending for you, I have talked with this man, and I doe finde him dangerous.

Int. Is your Lordship in good earnest?

Count. Harke you sir, there may perhaps be some within eare-shots.

He whispers with him.

Enteo Lazarello and his Boy.

Laz. Sirrha will you venture your life, the Duke hath sent the fish head to my lord?

Boy. Sir if he have not, kill me, do what you will with me.

Laz. How uncertaine is the state of all mortall things? I have these Crosses from my Cradle, from my very Cradle, in so much that I do begin to growe desperate: Fortune I doe despise thee, do thy worst; yet when I doe better gather my selfe together, I doe find it is rather the part of a wise man, to prevent the stormes of Fortune by stirring, then to suffer them by standing still; to poure themselves upon his naked body. I will about it.

Count. Who's within there?

Enter a Servingman.

Let this Gentleman out at the backe doore, forget not my instructions; if you find any thing dangerous; trouble not your selfe to finde out me, but carry your informations to the Lord *Lucio*, he is a man grave and well experienced in these businesses.

Int. Your Lordships Servant.

Exit Intelligencer and Servingman.

Count. Your Lordships Servant.

Laz. Will it please your worship walke?

Count. Sir I was coming, I will overtake you.

Lazar. I will attend you over against the Lord *Genderinoes* house.

Count. You shall not attend there long.

Laz. Thither must I to see my loves face, the chaste virgin head

Of a deere Fish, yet pure and undeflowred,
Not knowne of man no rough bred country hand,

Hath once toucht thee, no Pandars withered paw,

Nor an us-napkind Lawyers greasie fist,

Hath

The Woman Hater.

Hath once flubbered thee : no Ladies supple
hand,
Washt o're with urine, hath yet seiz'd on
thee
With her two nimble talents : no Court
hand,
Whom his owne naturall filth, or change of
aire,
Hath bedeckt with scabs, hath mard thy whi-
ter grace :
O let it be thought lawfull then for me,
To crop the flower of thy virginie,

Exit Lazar.

Count. This day I am for fooles, I am all
theirs,
Though like to our young wanton cockerd
heires,
Who doe affect those men above the rest,
In whose base company they still are best :
I doe not with much labour strive to be
The wisest ever in the company :
But for a foole, our wisdom oft amends,
As enemies doe teach us more than friends

Exit. Count.

Finis Actus primi.

ACT V S C E N A. I.

Enter Gondarino and his servants.

Serv. My Lord :

Gond. Ha !

Serv. Here's one hath brought you a pre-
sent.

Gond. From whom, from a woman ? if
it be from a woman, bid him carrie it back,
and tell her shee's a whore what is it ?

Serv. A Fish head my Lord.

Gond. What Fish head ?

Serv. I did not aske that my Lord.

Gond. Whence comes it ?

Serv. From the Court.

Gond. O t'is a Cods-head.

Serv. No my Lord, 'tis some strange
head, it comes from the Duke.

Gond. Let it be carried to my Mercer, I
doe owe him money for filkes, stop his
mouth with that

Exit Serv.

Was there ever any man that hated his wife
after death but I ? and for her sake all wo-
men, women that were created onely for
the preservation of little dogges.

Enter Serv.

Serv. My Lord the Counts sister being

overtaken in the streets, with a great haile-
storme, is light at your gate, and desires
Rome till the storme be overpast.

Gond. Is shee a woman ?

Serv. I my Lord I thinke so.

Gond. I have none for her then : bid her
get her gone, tell her she is not welcome.

Serv. My Lord, she is now comming up.

Gond. She shall not come up, tell her any
thing, tell her I have but one great roome
in my house, and I am now in it at the close
stoole.

Serv. She's here my Lord.

Gond. O impudence of women, I can keep
dogs out of my house, or I can defend my
house against theeves, but I cannot keepe out
women.

Enter Oriana, a waiting woman, and a Page.
Now Madam, what hath your Ladiship to
say to me ?

Oria. My Lord, I was bold to crave the
helpe of your house against the storme.

Gond. Your Ladships boldnesse in coming
will bee impudence in staying, for you are
most unwelcome.

Oriana. Oh my Lord !

Gond. Doe you laugh, by the hate I beare
to you, tis true.

Orian. Y'are merry my Lord.

Gond. Let me laugh to death if I bee, or
can be whilst thou art here, or livest or any
of thy sexe.

Oriana. I commend your Lordship.

Gond. Doe you commend me ? why doe
you commend me ? I give you no such cause :
thou art a filthy impudent whore ; a woman,
a very woman.

Oria. Ha, ha, ha.

Gond. Begot when thy father was drunke.

Orian. Your Lordship hath a good wit.

Gond. How ? what have I good wit ?

Orian. Come my Lord, I have heard be-
fore of your Lordships merry vaine in jest-
ing against our Sexe, which I being desirous
to heare, made me rather choose your
Lordships house, then any other, but I know
I am welcome.

Gond. Let me not live if you be : me thinkes
it doth not become you, to come to my house
being a stranger to you ; I have no woman
in my house, to entertaine you, nor to

The Woman Hater.

shew you your chamber ; why should you come to me ? I have no Galleries, nor banqueting houses, nor bawdy pictures to shew your Ladiship.

Orian: Belee e mee this your Lordships plainesse makes mee thinke my selfe more welcome, than if you had sworne by all the pretty Court oathes that are, I had beene welcomer than your soule to your body.

Gond: Now shee's in talking, treason will get her out, I durst sooner undertake to ralke an Intelligencer out of the roome, and speake more than he durst heare, than talk a woman out of my company.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My Lord the Duke being in the streets, and the storme continuing, is entred your gate, and now comming up.

Gond. The Duke ! now I know your Errand Madam ; you have plots and private meetings in hand : why doe you choose my house, are you asham'd to goe to't in the old coupling place, though it be lesse suspicious here ; for no Christian will suspect a woman to be in my house, yet you may do it cleanlyer there, for there is a care had of those busineses ; and wheresoever you remove, your great maintainer and you shall have your lodgings directly opposite, it is but putting on your night-gowne, and your slippers ; Madam, you understand me ?

Orian. Befote I would not understand him, but now hee speakes riddles to me indeed.

Enter the Duke, Arrigo, and Lucio.

Duke 'Twas a strange haile-storme.

Lucio 'Twas exceeding strange.

Gond. Good morrow to your grace.

Duke Good morrow *Gonderino*.

Gond. Justice great Prince.

Duke Why should you beg for justice, I never did you wrong ; what's the offender ?

Gond. A woman.

Duke. I know your ancient quarrell against that Sexe ; but what hainous crime hath she committed ?

Gond. She hath gone abroad.

Duke What ? it cannot be.

Gond. She hath done it.

Duke How ? I never heard of any woman that did so before.

Gond. If shee have not laid by that modesty

That should attend a Virgin, and quite voide

Of shame, hath left the house where she was borne,

As they should never doe ; let me endure The paines that she should suffer.

Duke. Hath shee so ? which is the Woman ?

Gond. This, this.

Duke How ! *Arigo* : *Lucio* :

Gond. I then it is a plot, no Prince alive Shall force mee make my house a Brothell house ;

Not for the sinnes, but for the womans sake, I will not have her in my doores so long :

Will they make my house as bawdy as their owne are ?

Duke Is it not *Oriana* ?

Lucio It is.

Duke Sister to Count *Valero* ?

Ari. The very same.

Duke Shee that I love.

Lucio She that you love.

Duke I doe suspect.

Lucio So doe I.

Duke This fellow to be but a counterfeit, One that doth seeme to loath all woman kinde,

To hate himselfe, because hee hath some part

Of woman in him ; seemes not to endure To see, or to be seen of any woman,

Onely, because hee knowes it is their nature To wish to taste that which is most forbidden :

And with this shew he may the better passe

(And with far lesse suspition) his base ends.

Lucio Upon my life 'tis so.

Duke And I doe know,

Before his slaine wife gave him that offence, He was the greatest servant to that Sex

That ever was : what doth this Lady here with him alone ? why should he raile at her to me ?

Lucio. Because your grace might not suspect.

Duke 'Twas so : I doe love her strangely : I would faine know the truth : counsell me :

me. *They three whisper.*

Enter Count, Lazarello, and his boy.

Count. It falls out better than wee could expect Sir, that wee should finde the Duke and my Lord Gondarino together, both which you desire to be acquainted with.

Laz. 'Twas very happy: Boy, goe down into the kitchen, and see if you can spye that same; I am now in some hope: I have mee thinkes a kind of fever upon me,

Exit Boy

A certaine gloominesse within me, doubting as it were, betwixt two passions: there is no young maid upon her wedding night, when her husband sets first foot in the Bed, blushes, and lookes pale againe, oftner than I doe now. There is no Poet acquainted with more shakings and quakings, towards the latter end of this new play, when hee's in that case, that he stands peeping betwixt the Curtaines, so fearefully that a Bottle of Ale cannot be opened, but he thinks some body hisses, than I am at this instant.

Count. Are they in consultation? if they be, either my young Duke hath gotten some Bastard, and is perswading my Knight yonder, to father the childe, and marry the wench, or else some Cock-pit is to be built.

Laz. My Lord! what Noble man's that?

Count. His name is *Lucio*, 'tis he that was made a Lord at the request of some of his friends for his wives sake, he affects to be a great States-man, and thinkes it consists in night-caps and jewells, and tooth-pikes?

Laz. And what's that other?

Count. A Knight Sir, that pleaserh the Duke to favour, and to raise to some extraordinary fortunes, he can make as good men as himselfe, every day in the weeke, and doth---

Laz. For what was he raised?

Count. Truly Sir, I am not able to say directly, for what; but for wearing of red breeches as I take it, hee's a brave man, hee will spend three Knighthoods at a Supper without Trumpets.

Laza. My Lord Ile talke with him, for I have a friend, that would gladly receive the humour.

Count. If he have the itch of Knight

hood upon him, let him repaire to that Physician, hee'll cure him: but I will give you a note; is your friend fat or leane?

Laz. Something fat.

Count. 'Twill be the worse for him.

Laza. I hope thats not materiall

Count. Very much, for there is an impost set upon Knight-hoods, & your friend shall pay a Noble in the pound.

Duke I doe not like examinations, We shall finde out the truth more easily, Some other way lesse noted, and that course,

Should not be us'd, till we be sure to prove Some thing directly, for when they perceive Themselves suspected, they will then provide

More warily to answer.

Luc. Doth she know your Grace doth love

Duke She hath never heard it. (her?)

Luc. Then thus my Lord: *They whisper*

Laz: Whats he that walks *againe.* alone so sadly with his hands behinde him?

Count. The Lord of the house, hee that you desire to be acquainted with, hee doth hate women for the same cause that I love them.

Laz. What's that?

Count. For that which Apes want: you perceive me Sir?

Laz. And is he sad? can he be sad that hath so rich a gemme under his roose, as that which I doe follow.

What young Lady's that?

Count. Which? Have I mine eye-sight perfect, 'tis my sister: did I say the Duke had a Bastard? What should shee make here with him and his Councell; she hath no papers in her hand to petition to them, shee hath never a husband in prison, whose release she might sue for: That's a fine trick for a wench; to get her husband clapt up, that she may more freely, and with lesse suspicion, visite the private studies of men in authority. Now I doe discover their consultation, yon fellow is a Pander without all salvation: But let mee not condemne her too rashly, without weighing the matter; shee's a young Lady, shee went forth early this morning with a waiting woman, and a Page, or so: This is no garden house, in my

con-

conscience she went forth with no dishonest intent I for shee did not pretend going to any Sermon in the further end of the City: Neither went she to see any odde old Gentlewoman, that mournes for the death of her husband, or the losse of her friend, and must have young Ladies come to comfort her: those are the damnable Bawdes: 'Twas no set meeting certainly; for there was no wafer-woman with her these three dayes on my knowledge: Ile talke with her; Good morrow my Lord.

Gond. Y are welcome Sir: here's her brother come now to doe a kinde office for his sister; is it not strange?

Count. I am glad to meet you here sister.

Orian. I thanke you good brother: and if you doubt of the cause of my comming, I can satisfie you.

Count. No faith, I dare trust thee, I doe suspect thou art honest; for it is so rare a thing to bee honest amongst you, that some one man in an age, may perhaps suspect some two women to bee honest, but never beleeye it verily.

Luci. Let your returne be suddaine.

Arri. Unsuspected by them.

Duke. It shall; so shall I best perceive their Love, if there be any. Farewell.

Count. Let me entreat your grace to stay a little,

To know a gentleman, to whom your selfe Is much beholding; he hath made the sport For your whole Court these eight yeares, on my knowledge.

Duke. His name?

Count. Lazarello. (is he?)

Duke. I heard of him this morning, which

Count. Lazarello, pluck up thy spirits, thy Fortune is now raising, the Duke calls for thee, and thou shalt bee acquainted with him.

Laz. Hee's going away, and I must of necessity stay here upon businesse. (first.

Count. 'Tis all one, thou shalt know him

Laz. Stay a little, if hee should offer to take me away with him, and by that meanes I should loose that I seek for; but if he should I will not goe with him.

Count. Lazarello the Duke stayes, wilt thou lose this opportunity?

Laz. How must I speak to him?

Count. 'Twas well thought of: you must not talke to him as you doe to an ordinary man, honest plaine sence; but you must winde about him: for example, if he should aske you what a clock it is, you must not say; if it please your grace 'tis nine; but thus; thrice three a clocke, so please my Sovereigne: or thus;

Looke how many Muses there doth dwell Upon the sweet banks of the learned Well; And just so many stroaks the clock hath strooke,

And so forth; and you must now and then enter into a description.

Laz. I hope I shall doe it.

Count. Come: May it please your grace to take note of a Gentleman, wel seen, deeply read, and thoroughly grounded in the hidden knowledge of all sallets and pot-herbes whatsoever. (wardly.

Duke. I shall desire to know him more in-

Laz. I kisse the Oxe-hide of your graces foot.

Count. Very well: will your grace question him a little?

Duke. How old are you? (manacks

Laz. Full eight and twenty severall Al-Hath been compiled, all for severall yeares Since first I drew this breath, foure prentiships

Have I most truely served in this world: And eight and twenty times hath *Phæbus* Carre

Runne out his yearely course since-

Duke. I understand you Sir.

Luci. How like an ignorant Poet he talks.

Duke. You are eight and twenty yeares old? what time of the day doe you hold it to be?

Laz. About the time that mortalls whet their knives (staires,

On thresholds, on their shooe-soles, and on New bread is grating, and the testy Cooke Hath much to doe now, now the Tables all—

Duk. 'Tis almost dinner time?

Laz. Your grace doth apprehend me very rightly.

Count. Your grace shall finde him in your further conference

Grave, wise, courtly, and scholler-like, under-

stan-

standingly, read
In the necessities of the life of man.
He knows that man is mortall by his birth;
He knowes that men must dye, and there-
fore live;
He knowes that men must live, and therefore
eate,
And if it shall please your grace, to accom-
pany your selfe with him, I doubt not, but
that he will at the least, make good my com-
mendations.

Duk. Attend us *Lazarello*, we doe want
Men of such Action, as we have received
you
Reported from your honorable friend.

Laza. Good my Lord stand betwixt mee
and my overthrow, you know I am ti'd here,
and may not depart, my gracious Lord, so
waightie are the businesse of mine owne,
which at this time doe call upon me, that I
will rather chuse to die, then to neglect
them.

Count. Nay you shall well perceive, besides
the vertues that I have already inform'd you
off, he hath a stomach, which will stoope to
no Prince alive.

Duk. Sir at your best leisure, I shall thirst
to see you.

Laza. And I shall hunger for it.

Duk. Till then farewell all.

Gon. Count. Long life attend your Grace.

Duk. I doe not tast this sport, *Arrigo*

Lucio.

Arrigo. Luci. We doe attend.

Exeunt Duke, Arrigo, Lucio.

Gond. His grace is gone; and hath left his
Hellen with me, I am no pander for him,
neither can I be wonne with the hope of
gaine, or the itching desire of tasting my
Lords lecherie to him, to keepe her at (my
house) or bring her in disguise, to his bed-
Chamber.

The twyns of Adders, and of Scorpions
About my naked brest, will seeme to mee
More tickling then those claspes, which men
adore;

The lustfull, dull, ill spirited embraces
Of women; the much prayesd *Amazones*,
Knowing their owne infirmities so well,
Made of themselves a people, and what
men

They take amongst them they, condemne to
die,

Perceiving that their folly made them fit
To live no longer that would willingly
Come in the worthlesse presence of a wo-
man.

I will attend, and see what my young Lord
will doe with his sister.

Enter Lazarilloes Boy.

Boy. My Lord; the fish head is gone a-
gaine.

Count. Wither.

Boy. I know whither my Lord

Count. Keep it from *Lazarillo*: Sister
shall I conferre with you in private, to know
the cause of the Dukes coming hither, I
know he makes you acquainted with his bu-
sinesse of State.

Oria. He satisfie you brother, for I see you
are jealous of me.

Gond. Now there shall be some course
taken for her conveyance.

Laza. Lazarillo, thou art happie, thy car-
riage hath begot love, and that love hath
brought forth fruits, thou art here in the
company of a man honourable, that will
helpe thee to tast of the bounties of the Sea,
and when thou hast so done, thou shalt re-
tire thy selfe unto the Court, and there tast
of the delicacies of the earth, and be great in
the eyes of thy Sovereigne: now no more
shalt thou need to scramble for thy meate,
nor remove thy stomach with the Court; but
thy credit shall command thy hearts desire,
and all novelties shall be sent as presents un-
to thee.

Count. Good Sister, when you see your
own time, will you returne home.

Oria. Yes brother, and not before.

Laza. I will grow populer in this State,
and overthrow the fortunes of a number, that
live by extortion.

Count. *Lazarello*, bestirre thy selfe nimbly
and sodainly, and here me with patience
to heare.

Laza. Let me not fall from my selfe; speak.
I am bound.

Count. So art thou to revenge, when thou
shalt heare the fish head is gone, and we
know not whither.

Laza.

Laza. I will not curse, nor sweare, nor
rage, nor raile,
Nor with contemptuous tongue, accuse my
Fate;

Though I might justly doe it, nor will I
Wish my selfe uncreated for this evill:
Shall I entreat your Lordship to be seene
A little longer in the company
Of a man cross'd by Fortune?

Count. I hate to leave my friend in his ex-
tremities.

Laza. 'Tis noble in you, then I take your
hand,

And doe protest, I do not follow this
For any mallice or for privat ends,
But with a love, as gentle and as chaste,
As that a brother to his sister beares:
And if I see this fish-head yet unknowne;
The last words that my dying father spake,
Before his eye strings brake, shall not of me
So often be remembred, as our meeting,
Fortune attend me, as my ends are just,
Full of pure love, and free from servile lust.

Count. Farwell my Lord, I was entreated
to invite your Lordship to a Ladies upsit-
ing.

Gond. O my eares, why Madame, will not
you follow your brother, you are waited for
by great men, heele bring you to him.

Oria. I me very well my Lord, you doe
mistake me, if you thinke I affect greater
company then your selfe.

Gond. What madnesse possesseth thee, that
thou canst imagine me a fit man to entertain
Ladies; I tell thee, I do use to teare their
haire, to kick them, and to twindge their
noses, if they be not carefull in avoiding me.

Oria. Your Lordship may discant upon
your owne behavior as please you, but I pro-
test, so sweet and courtly it appeares in my
eye, that I meane not to leave you yet.

Gond. I shall grow rough.

Oria. A rough carriage is best in a man,
Ile dine with you my Lord.

Gond. Why I will starve thee, thou shalt
have nothing

Oria. I have heard of your Lordships
nothing, Ile put that to the venture.

Gond. Well thou shalt have meat, Ile send
it to thee.

Oria. Ile keep no state my Lord, neither

doe I mourne, ile dine with you.

Gond. Is such a thing as this allowed to
live:

What power hath let thee loose upon the
earth

To plague us for our finnes? out of my
doores.

Oria. I would your Lordship did but see
how well

This fury doth become you, it doth shew
So neere the life, as it were naturall.

Gond. O thou damp'd woman, I will flie
before the vengeance
That hangs above thee, follow if thou
dar'st.

Exit Gondarino.

Oria. I must not leave this fellow, I will
torment him to madnesse,
To teach his passions against kind to move,
The more he hates, the more Ile seeme to
love.

Exeunt Oriana and Maid.

Enter Pandar and Mercer a citizen.

Pand. Sir, what may be done by art shall
be done,

I weare nor this blacke cloake for nothing.

Mer. Performe this, help me to this great
heire by learning, and you shall want no
blacke cloakes, taffaties, silk grograns, sattins
and velvets are mine, they shall be yours;
performe what you have promised, and you
shall make me a lover of Sciences; I will stu-
dy the learned languages, and keepe my
shop-booke in Latine.

Pand. Trouble me not now, I will not faile
you within this houre at your shop.

Mer. Let Art have her course.

Exit Mercer.

Enter Curtizan.

Pand. 'Tis well spoken, Madona.

Mad. Hast thou brought me any custo-
mers.

Pan. No.

Ma. What the devill do'st thou in blacke?

Pa. As all solemne professors of settled
courses, doe cover my knavery with it: will
you marry a citizen; reasonably rich, and un-
reasonably foolish, silkes in his shoppe, mony
in his purse, and no wit in his head?

Ma. Out upon him, I could have bin o-
ther-

therwise then so, there was a Knight swore he would have had mee, if I would have lent him but forty shillings to have redeem'd his cloake, to goe to Church in.

Pan. Then your wastcote wayter shall have him, call her in?

Ma. Franceffina?

Fr. Anone?

Ma. Get you to the Church, and thrive your selfe,

For you shall be richly married anon.

Pan. And get you after her, I will worke upon my citizen whilst he is warme, I must not suffer him to consult with his neighbours, the openest fooles are hardy couzened, if they once grow jealous.

Exeunt.

Finis Actus secundus.

ACTVS III. SCENA I.

Enter Gondarino flying the Lady.

Gond. Save me ye better powers, let me not fall

Betweene the loose embracements of a woman:

Heaven, if my finnes be ripe growne to a head,

And must attend your vengeance: I beg not to divert my fate,

Or to reprove a while thy punishment

Onely I crave, and heare me equall heavens,

Let not your furious rodd, that must afflict me,

Be that imperfect peece of nature,

That arte makes up, woman, unsatiate woman.

Had we not knowing soules, at first infus'd To teach a difference, twixt extreames and goods?

Were we not made our selves, free, unconfin'd

Commanders of our own affections?

And can it be, that this most perfect creature,

This image of his maker, well squar'd man, Should leave the handfast, that he had of grace,

To fall into a womans easie armes.

Enter Oriana.

Orian. Now *Venus* be my speed, inspire me with all the severall subtile temptations, that thou hast already given, or hast in store hereafter to bestow upon our Sexe: grant that I may apply that Physicke that is most apt to worke upon him: whether he will soonest be moov'd with wantonnesse, singing, dauncing, or being passionate, with scorne, or with sad and serious lookes, cunningly mingled with sighes, with smiling, lispings, kissing the hand, and making short curfies; or with whatsoever other nimble power, he may be caught: doe thou infuse into mee, and when I have him, I will sacrifice him up to thee.

Gond. It comes againe; new apparitions, And tempting spirits: Stand and reveale thy selfe,

Tell why thou followest me? I feare thee As I feare the place thou camst from: Hell.

Orian. My Lord, I am a woman, and such a one---

Gond. That I hate truly, thou hadst better bin a devill,

Orian. Why my impatient Lord?

Gond. Devils were once good, there they excel'd you women.

Orian. Can ye be so uneasie; can ye freeze and

Such a summers heat so ready

To dissolve, nay gentle Lord, turne not away in scorne,

Nor hold me lesse faire then I am: looke on these cheeks,

They have yet enough of nature, true complexion,

If to be read and white, a forehead hie,

An easie melting lip, a speaking eye,

And such a tongue, whose language takes the eare

Of strict religion, and men most austere:

If these may hope to please, looke here.

Gond. This woman with entreaty wo'd shew all,

Lady there lies your way, I pray ye farewell.

Orian. Y'are yet to harsh, to dissonant.

Ther's no true musicke in your words, my Lord.

Gond. What shall I give thee to be gone? Heares ta, and tha wants lodging, take my house, tis big enough, tis thine owne, it will hold

The Woman Hater.

hold five leacherous Lords, and their lackies
without discovery : ther's stoves and bathing
tubbes.

Orian. Deare Lord : y'are too wild.

Gond. Shalt have a Doctor too, thou shalt,
'bout fixe and twentie, tis a pleasing age ;
or I can helpe thee to a handsome Vsher : or
if thou lack'st a page, ile give thee one,
preethe keepe house, and leave me.

Oria. I do confesse I am to easie, too much
woman,

Not coy enough to take affection,
Yet I can frowne and nip a passion
Even in the bud : I can say
Men please their present heats ; then please
to leave us.

I can hold off, and by my Chimmick power
Draw Sonnets, from the melting lovers
braine,

Aymeas, and *Elegies* : yet to you my Lord
My Love, my better selfe, I put these off,
Doing that office, not befits our sex,

Entreat a man to love ;

Are ye not yet relenting, ha'ye bloud and
Spirit

In those veines, ye are no image, though ye
be as hard.

As marble, sure ye have no liver ; if ye had,
'Twould send a lively and desiring heate
To every member ; is not this miserable,
A thing so truly form'd, shapt out by Syme-
try,

Has all the organs that belong to man,
And working to, yet to shew all these
Like dead motions moving upon wyers,
Then good my Lord, leave off what you have
beene,

And freely be what you were first intend-
ed for : a man.

Gond. Thou art a precious peece of flie
damnation,

I will be deaffe, I will locke up my eares,
Tempt me not, I will not love ; if I doe,

Oria. Then ile hate you.

Gond. Let me be noynted with hony, and
turn'd into the Sunne,

To be stung to death with horse-flies,
Hearest thou, thou breeder, here ile sit,
And in despight of thee I will say nothing.

Oria. Let me with your faire patience, sit
beside you ?

Gond. Maddam, Ladie, tempter, tongue,
woman, ayre.

Looke to me, I shall kicke ; I say againe,
Locke to me I shall kicke.

Oria. I cannot thinke your better know-
ledge can use a woman so uncivilly.

Gond. I cannot thinke, I shall become a
coxcombe,

To ha'my hare curl'd, by an idle finger,
My cheekes turne Tabers, and be plaid up-
pon,

Mine eyes lookt babies in, and my nose
blowd to my hand,

I say againe I shall kicke, sure I shall.

Oria. Tis but your outside that you shew,
I know your mind

Never was guilty of so great a weaknesse ;
Or could the tongues of all men joyned to-
gether.

Possesse me with a thought of your dislike
My weaknesse were above a womans, to fall
off

From my affection, for one crake of thun-
der,

O wo'd you could love, my Lord.

Gond. I wod thou wouldst sit still, and say
nothing : what mad-man let thee loose to do
more mischief than a dousen whirlwinds,
keep thy hands in thy muffle, and warme the
idle wormes in thy fingers ends will ye bee
doing still, will no entreating serve yee, no
lawfull warning, I must remove and leave
your Ladiship ; nay never hope to stay me,
for I will runne, from that Smooth, Smiling,
witching, Cousening, Tempting, Damning
face of thine, as farre as I can find any land,
where I will put my selfe into a daily course
of Curses for thee, and all thy Famile.

Oria. Nay good my Lord sit still, ile pro-
mise peace

And fould mine Armes up, let but mine eye
discourse,

Or let my voyce set to some pleasing corde,
sound out

The fullen straines of my neglected love.

Gond. Sing till thou cracke thy treble string
in peeces,

And when thou hast done, put up thy pipes
and walke,

Doe any thing, sit still and tempt me not.

Oria. I had rather sing at doores for bread,
then

then sing to this fellow, but for hate : if this should be told in the Court , that I beginne to woe Lords, what a troope of the untrustinobilitie should I have at my lodging to morrow morning,

*Come sleepe, and with thy sweet deceiving ,
Lock me in delight a while,
Let some pleasing Dreames beguile
All my fancies; that from thence, Song.
I may feele an influence,
All my powers of care bereaving.*

*Though but a shadow, but a sliding,
Let me know some little Ioy,
We that suffer long anoy
Are contented with a thought
Through an idle fancie wrought
O let my joyes, have some abiding.*

Gond. Have you done your wassayle , tis a handsome drowfie dittie ile assure yee, now I had as leave here a Catt cry , when her taile is cut off, as heare these lamentations, these lowfie love-layes, these bewailements, you thinke you have caught me Ladie, you think I melt now, like a dish of May butter, and runne, all into brine, and passion, yes, yes, I am taken, looke how I crosse my armes, looke pale, and dwyndle, and woo'd cry, but for spoyling my face, we must part, nay we'll avoyd all Ceremony, no kissing Ladie, I desire to know your Ladiship no more ; death of my soule the Duke.

Oria. God keep your Lordship.

Gond. From thee and all thy sex.

Oria. Ile be the Clarke, and crie, *Amen,*
Your Lordships ever assured enemy *Oriana.*

Exit Oriana, Manet Gondarino.

ACTVS III. SCENA II.

Enter Duke, Arrigo, Lucio.

Gond. All the dayes good, attend your Lordship.

Duk. We thanke you *Gonderino,* is it possible,

Can beleefe lay hold on such a miracle,
To see thee, one that hath cloystred up all passion,

Turn'd wilfull votary, and forsworne, converse with women in company and faire discourse, with the best beauty of *Myllaine?*

Gon. Tis true, and if your Grace that hath the sway

Of the whole State, will suffer this lude sex, These women: to pursue us to our homes, Not to be praid, not to be rail'd away, But they will woe, and daunce, and sing, And in a manner, looser then they are By nature (which should seeme impossible) To throw their armes, on our unwilling necks.

Duk. No more, I can see through your visage, dissemble it no more,
Doe not I know thou hast us'd all Arte, To worke upon the poore simplicitie Of this young Maide, that yet hath knowne none ill?

Thinkest that damnation will fright those that wooe

From oathes, and lies? but yet I thinke her chaste,

And will from thee, before thou shalt apply Stronger temptations, beare her hence with mee.

Gond. My Lord, I speake not this to gaine new grace,

But howsoever you esteeme my words,

My love and dutie will not suffer mee

To see you favour such a prostitute,

And I stand by dumb ; without Racke, Torture,

Or Strappado, Ile unrippe my selfe,

I doe confesse I was in company, with that pleasing peece of frailtie, that we call woman ; I doe confesse after along and tedious seige, I yeelded.

Duk. Forward.

Gond. Faith my Lord to come quickly to the point, the woman you saw with me is a whore; an arrant whore.

Duk. Was she not Count *Valores* Sister?

Gond. Yes, that Count *Valores* Sister is naught,

Duk. Thou darst not say so.

Gond. Not, if it be distasting to your Lordship,

ship, but give mee freedome, and I dare maintaine, she ha's imbrac'd this body, and growne to it as close, as the hot youthfull vine to the elme.

Duk. Twice have I seene her with thee, twice my thoughts were prompted by mine eye, to hold thy strictnesse false and imposturous: Is this your mewing up, your strict retirement, your bitternesse and gaule against that sex; have I not heard thee say, thou wouldst sooner meet the *Basilisks* dead-dogging eye, than meet a woman for an object? looke it be true you tell me, or by our countries Saint your head goes off: if thou prove a whore, no womans face shall ever move me more.

Exeunt.

Manet Gondarino.

Gond. So, so, 'tis as should be, are women growne so mankind? Must they be wooing, I have a plot shall blow her up, she flies, she mounts, Ile teach her Ladyship to dare my fury, I will bee knowne, and fear'd, and more truly hated of women than an Eunuch.

Enter Oriana.

Shees here againe, good gaule bee patient, for I must dissemble.

Orian. Now my cold frosty Lord, my woman Hater, you that have sworne an everlasting hate to all our sex: by my troth good Lord, and as I am yet a maid, my thought 'twas excellent sport to heare your honour swear out an Alphabet, chafe nobly like a Generall, kicke like a resty Jade, and make ill faces: Did your good Honour thinke I was in love? where did I first begin to take that heat? from those two radiant eyes, that piercing sight? oh they were lovely, if the balls stood right; and there's a legge made out of a dainty stasse, Where, the Gods bee thanked there is calfe enough.

Gond. Pardon him Lady, that is now a convert.

Your beauty like a Saint hath wrought this wonder.

Oriana. Alasse, ha's it beene prick't at the heart, is the stomack come downe, will it raile no more at women, and call

em Divells, shee Cattes, and Goblins.

Gond. Hee that shall marry thee, had better spend the poore remainder of his dayes in a dung-barge, for two pence a week, and find himselfe.

Downe againe Spleene, I prethee downe againe, shall I finde favour Ladie? shall at length my true unfeigned penitence get pardon for my harsh unseasoned follies? I am no more an Atheist, no, I doe acknowledge, that dread powerfull Deity, and his all quickning heats burne in my breast: oh be not as I was, hard, unrelenting; but as I am, be partner of my fires.

Oria. Sure wee have store of Larkes, the Skies will not hold up long, I should have looked as soone for Frost in the dogge daies, or another Inundation, as hop'd this strange conversion above miracle: let mee looke upon your Lordship; is your name *Gondarino*, are you *Millaines* Generall, that great Bug-bear bloody-bones, at whose name all women, from the Ladie to the Landresse, shake like a cold fit.

Gond. Good patience helpe me, this Fever will inrage my blood againe: Madam I am that man; I am even hee that once did owe unreconciled hate to you, and all that beare the name of woman: I am the man that wrong'd your Honour to the Duke: I am the man that said you were unchaste, and prostitute, yet I am he that dare deny all this.

Orian. Your big Nobility is very merry.

Gond. Lady tis true that I have wron'gd you thus,

And my contrition is as true as that,

Yet have I found a meanes to make all good againe,

I doe beseech your beautie, not for my selfe,

My merits are yet in conception,

But for your honours safety and my zeale

Retire a while, while I unsay my selfe unto the Duke,

And cast out that evill Spirit I have possesst him with,

I have a house, conveniently private.

Ori. Lord, thou hast wrong'd my innocence, but thy confession hath gain'd thee faith.

Gond.

Gond. By the true honest seruice, that I
owe these eyes strangely,

My meaning is as spotles as my faith.

Oria. The Duke doubt mine honour? a
may judge

Twill not be long, before ile be enlarg'd a-
gaine.

Gond. A day or two.

Orian. Mine owne seruants shall attend
me.

Gond. Your Ladiships command is good.

Orian. Looke you be true.

Exit Oriana.

Gond. Else let me lose the hopes my soule
aspires to: I will be a scourge to all females
in my life, and after my death, the name of
Gondarino shall be terrible to the mighty
women of the earth; they shall shake at my
name, and at the sound of it, their knees
shall knocke together; and they shall runne
into Nunneries, for they and I are beyound
all hope irreconcilable: for if I could endure
an eare with a hole in't, or a pleated locke, or
a bare-headed Coachman, that sits like a signe
where great Ladies are to be sold within;
agreement betwixt us, were not to be
dispaired of; if I could be but brought to
endure to see women, I would have them
come all once a weeke, and kisse me, as
Witches doe the devill in token of homage:
I must not live here I will to the Court, and
there pursue my plot; when it hath tooke,
women shall stand in awe, but of my looke.

Exit.

ACTVS III. SCENA. III.

*Enter two Intelligencers, discovering trea-
son in the Courtiers words.*

1. *Intel.* There take your standing, be close
and vigilant, here will I set my selfe, and
let him looke to his language, a shall know
the Duke ha's more eares in Court than two

2. *Int.* Ile quote him to a tittle, let him
speake wisely, and plainely, and as hidden
as a can, or I shall crush him, a shall not
scape charracters, though a speake Babell, I

shall crush him: we have a Fortune by this
service hanging over us, that within this
yeare or to, I hope we shall be called to be
examiners, weare politicke gownes garded
with copper lace, making great faces full of
feare and office, our labours may deserve
this.

1. *Int.* I hope it shall: why ha's not many
men bin raised from this worming trade, first
to gaine good accesse to great men, then to
have commissions out for search, and lastly,
to be worthily nam'd at a great Arraign-
ment: yes, and why not we? they that en-
deavour well deserve their Fee.

Close, close, a comes: marke well, and all
goes well.

Enter Count, Lazarello, and his Boy.

Laz. Farewell my hopes, my Anchor now
is broken,

Farewell my *quondam* joyes, of which no
token

Is now remaining, such is the sad mischance,
Where Lady Fortune leades the slippry
daunce.

Yet at the length, let me this favour have,
Give me my wishes, or a wished grave.

Count. The gods defend so brave and va-
liant mawe,

Should slip into the never satiate jawe
Of blacke Despaire; no, thou shalt live and
know

Thy full desires, hunger thy auncient foe,
Shall be subdued, those guts that daily rum-
ble

Through ayre and appetite, shall cease to
rumble:

And thou shalt now at length obaine thy
dish,

That noble part, the sweet head of a fish.

Laz. Then am I greater than the Duke.

2. *Int.* There, there's a notable peece of
treason, greater than the Duke, marke that

Count. But how, or where, or when this
shall be compas'd, is yet out of my reach.

Laz. I am so truely miserable, that might
I be now knockt ath' head, with all my heart
I would forgive a dog killer.

Count. Yet doe I see through this confu-
sed

sednesse some little comfort.

Laz. The plot my Lord, as er'e you came of a woman, discover.

1. Int. Plots, dangerous plots, I will deserve by this most liberally.

Count. 'Tis from my head againe.

Laz. O that it would stand mee, that I might fight, or have some venture for it, that I might be turn'd loose, to try my fortune amongst the whole frie in a Colledge, or an Inne of Court, or scramble with the prisoners in the dungeon; nay were it set downe in the outward court,

And all the Guard about it in a ring,
With their knives drawne, which were a
dismall fight,

And after twenty leisurely were told,
I to be let loose onely in my shirt,
To trie the valour, how much of the spoyle,
I would recover from the enemies mouthes:
I would accept the challenge.

Count. Let it goe: hast not thou beene held

To have some wit in the Court, and to make fine jests

Vpon country people in progresse time, and
Wilt thou loose this opinion, for the cold
head of a Fish?

Ifay, let it goe: ile help thee to as good a
dish of meat.

Laz. God let me not live, if I doe not wonder.

Men should talke so propanely:

But it is not in the power of loose wordes,
Of any vaine or misbeleeving man,

To make me dare to wrong thy purity.

Shew me but any Lady in the Court,

That hath so full an eye, so sweet a breath,

So soft and white a flesh: this doth not lie

In almond gloves, nor ever hath bin washt

In artificiall bathes; no traveller

That hath brought doctor home with him,
hath dar'd

With all his waters, powders, Fucusses,

To make thy lovely corpes sophisticate.

Count. I have it, tis now infus'e, be comforted.

Laz. Can there be that little hope yet left
in nature? shall I once more erect up Tro-
phies? shall I enjoy the sight of my deare

Saint, and blesse my pallate with the best of
creatures, ah good my Lord, by whom I
breath againe, shall I receive this beeing?

Count. Sir I have found by certaine cal-
culation, and settled revolution of the starres,
the Fish is sent by the Lord *Gondarino* to his
Mercer, now tis a growing hope to know
where tis.

Laz. O tis farre above the good of wo-
men, the *Pathicke* cannot yeild more plea-
sing tittylation.

Count. But how to compasse it, search, cast
about, and bang your braines, *Lazarello*, thou
art to dull and heavy to deserve a blessing.

Laz. My Lord, I will not be idle; now
Lazarello, thinke, thinke, thinke.

Count. Yonders my informer
And his fellow with table bookes, they nod
at me

Vpon my life, they have poore *Lazarello*
that beats

His braines about no such waighty matter, in
for

Treason before this--

Laz. My Lord, what doe you thinke, if I
should shave my selfe,

Put on midwives apparell, come in with a
hand-kercher,

And begge a peece for a great bellied wo-
man, or a sick child?

Count. Good, very good.

Laz. Or corrupt the waiting prentise to
betray the reversion.

1. Inte. Ther's another point in's plot, cor-
rupted with mony; to betray: sure 'tis some
Fort a meanes: marke, have a care.

Laz. And 'twere the bare vinegar 'tis eat-
en with, it would in some sort satisfie na-
ture: but might I once attaine the dish it
selfe, though I cut out my meanes through
sword and fire, through poison, through
any thing that may make good my hopes.

2. Int. Thankes to the gods, and our offi-
ciousnesse, the plots discovered, fire, steele,
and poison, burne the Palace, kill the Duke
and poison his privie Councell.

Count. To the mercers, let me see: how,
if before we can attaine the meanes, to
make up our acquaintance, the fish be ea-
ten?

Laz.

Laz. If it be eaten, here a stands, that is the most dejected, most unfortunate, miserable, accursed, forsaken slave, this Province yields: I will not sure outlive it, no I will dye bravely, and like a Roman; and after death, amidst the Elizian shades, Ile meet my love againe.

1 In. I will dye bravely, like a Roman: have a care, marke that, when he hath done all, he will kill himselfe.

Count. Will nothing ease your appetite but this?

Laz. No could the Sea throw up his vastnesse,

And offer free his best inhabitants: 'twere not so much as a bare temptation to mee.

Count. If you could be drawne to affect Beefe, Venison, or Fowle, twould be farre the better.

Laza. I doe beseech your Lordships patience,

I doe confesse that in this heat of bloud,
I have contemn'd all dull and grosser meats,
But I protest I doe honour a Chine of Beefe,
I doe reverence a loyne of Veale,

But good my Lord, give me leave a little to adore this:

But my good Lord, would your Lordship under colour of taking up some filkes, goe to the Mercers, I would in all humilitie attend your honour, where we may be invited, if Fortune stand propitious.

Count. Sir you shall worke mee as you please.

Laza. Let it bee suddenly, I doe beseech your Lordship, 'tis now upon the point of dinner time.

Count. I am all yours.

Exeunt Lazarello and Count.

1 In. Come let us conferre,

Imprimis a faith like a blasphemous villaine, hee is greater than the Duke, this peppers him, and there were nothing else.

2 In. Then a was naming plots; did you not heare?

1 In. Yes but a fell from that unto discovery, to corrupt by money, and so attaine.

2 In. I, I, a meant some Fort, or Syttadell

the Duke hath, his very face betraid his meaning, O he is a very subtile and a dangerous knave, but if hee deale a Gods name, wee shall worme him.

1 In. But now comes the Stroake, the fatall blow, Fire, Sword and Poyson, O Canibal, thou bloody Canibal.

2 In. What had become of this poore state, had we not beene?

1 In. Faith it had lyen buried in his owne ashes, had not a greater hand been in't

2 In. But note the rascalls resolution, after th'acts done, because a wo'd avoid all feare of torture, and cousten the Law, a wo'd kill himselfe; was there ever the like danger brought to light in this age? sure we shall merit much, wee shall bee able to keepe two men a peece, and a two hand sword between us, we will live in favour of the State, betray our ten or twelve treasons a weeke, and the people shall feare us: come, to the Lord *Lucio*, the Sunne shall not goe downe till he be hanged.

Exeunt.

ACTVS 3. SCENA 4.

Enter Mercer

Mor. Looke to my shop, and if there come ever a Schollar in black, let him speak with me, wee that are shop-keepers in good trade, are so pestered, that we can scarce pick out an houre for our mornings meditation: and howsoever wee are all accounted dull, and common jesting stocks for your gallants; there are some of us doe not deserve it: for, for my owne part I doe begin to bee given to my booke, I love a schollar with my heart, for questionlesse there are mervellous things to bee done by Art: why sir, some of them will tell you what is become of horses, and silver spoones, and will make wenches dance naked to their beds: I am yet unmarried, and because some of our neighbours are said to bee Cuckolds, I will never bee married without the consent of some of these schollars, that know what will come of it.

Enter

Enter Pander.

Pan. Are you busie sir?

Mer. Never to you sir, not to any of your coate.

Sir is there any thing to bee done by Art, concerning the great heire wee talked on?

Pan. Will shee, nill shee: shee shall come running into my house at the farther corner, in Sa. Markes street betwixt three and foure.

Mer. Betwixt three and foure? shee's brave in cloathes, is shee not?

Pan. O rich! rich! where should I get cloathes to dresse her in? help me invention: Sir, that her running through the street may be lesse noted, my Art more showne, and your feare to speake with her lesse, she shall come in a white waistcoat; And---

Mer. What shall shee?

Pan. And perhaps torne stockings, shee hath left her old wont else.

Enter Prentice.

Pren. Sir my Lord *Gond.* hath sent you a rare fish head.

Mer. It comes right, all things sute right with me since I began to love schollars, you shall have it home with you against shee come: carrie it to this Gentlemans house.

Pan. The faire white house at the farther corner at S. Marks street, make hast, I must leave you too Sir, I have two houres to study; buy a new Accedens, and ply your book, and you shall want nothing that all the schollars in the Towne can doe for you.

Exit Pander.

Mer. Heaven prosper both our studies, what a dull slave was I before I fell in love with this learning? not worthy to tread upon the earth, & what fresh hopes it hath put into me? I doe hope within this twelve-month to bee able by Art to serve the Court with filkes, and not undoe my selfe; to trust Knights, and yet get in my money againe; to keep my wife brave, and yet she keep no body else so.

Enter Count, and Lazarello.

Your Lordship is most honourably welcome in regard of your Nobility; but most especial in regard of your scollership: did your Lordship come openly?

Count. Sir this cloake keepes mee private, besides no man will suspect mee to bee in the company of this Gentleman, with whom, I will desire you to bee acquainted, he may prove a good customer to you.

Laza. For plaine silks and velvets.

Mer. Are you scholasticall?

Laza. Something addicted to the Muses

Count. I hope they will not dispute.

Mer. You have no skill in the black Art.

Enter a Prentice.

Pren. Sir yonders a Gentleman enquires hastily for Count *Valore.*

Count. For me? what is he?

Pren. One of your followers my Lord I thinke.

Count. Let him come in.

Mer. Shall I talke with you in private Sir?

Enter a Messenger with a Letter to the Count, hee reads.

Count. Count come to the Court your businesse calls you thither, I will goe, farewell Sir, I will see your filkes some other time: Farewell *Lazarillo.*

Mer. Will not your Lordship take a peice of Beefe with me?

Count. Sir I have greater businesse than eating; I will leave this Gentleman with you.

Exeunt Count. & Mes.

Laza. No, no, no, no: now doe I feele that strained struggling within me, that I think I could prophesie.

Mer. The Gentleman is meditating.

Laza. Hunger, valour, love ambition are alike pleasing, and let our Philosophers say what they will, are one kind of heat, onely hunger is the safest, ambition is apt to fall;

Love

Love and valour are not free from dangers,
onely hunger, begotten of some old limber
Courtier, in pan'de hose, and nurs'd by an
Attourneys wife; now so thriven, that hee
need not feare to bee of the great Turkes
guard: is so free from all quarrels and dan-
gers, so full of hopes, joyes, and ticklings, that
my life is not so deare to mee as his ac-
quaintance.

Enter Lazarelloe's boy.

Boy. Sir the fish head is gone.

Laz. Then bee thou henceforth dumbe,
with thy ill boding voice.

Farewell *Millaine*, farewell Noble Duke,
Farewell my fellow Gourriers all, with
whom,

I have of yore made many a scrambling
meale

In corners, behind Arasses, on staires,
And in the action oftentimes have spoil'd,
Our Doublets and our hose with liquid
stufte:

Farewell you lusty Archers of the Guard,
To whom I now doe give the bucklers up,
And never more with any of your coate
Will eat for wagers, now you happy be,
When this shall light upon you, thinke on
mee:

You Sewers, carvers, ushers of the court
Sirnamed gentle for your faire demeane,
Here I doe take of you my last farewell,
May you stand stily in your proper places,
and execute your offices aright.

Farewell you Maidens, with your mother
eke,

Farewell you courtly Chaplaines that bee
there,

All good attend you, may you never more
Marry your Patrons Ladies wayting-wo-
man,

But may you rais'd be by this my fall
May *Lazarillo* suffer for you all.

Merc. Sir I was hearkning to you.

Laz. I will heare nothing, I will breake
my knife, the Ensigne of my former happy
state, knock out my teeth, have them hung
at a Barbers, and enter into Religion-

Boy. Why Sir, I thinke I know whether it
is gone.

Laz. See the rashnesse of man in his na-
ture, whither? I doe unsay all that I have
said, goe on, goe on: Boy, I humble my
selfe and follow thee; Farewell Sir.

Mer. Not so Sir, you shall take a piece of
Beefe with me.

Laz. I cannot stay.

Mer. By my fay but you shall Sir, in re-
gard of your love to learning, and your skill
in the black Art,

Laz. I doe hate learning, and I have
no skill in the black Art; I would I had.

Mer. Why your desire is sufficient to me,
you shall stay.

Laz. The most horrible and detested cur-
ses that can be imagined, light upon all the
professors of that Art; may they be drunke,
and when they goe to conjure, and reele in
the Circle, may the spirits by them rais'd,
teare um in pieces, and hang their quar-
ters on old broken walls, and Steeple
tops.

Mer. This speech of yours, shewes you
to have some skill in the Science, where-
fore in civilitie, I may not suffer you to de-
part empty-

Laz. My stomack is up, I cannot endure
it, I will fight in this quarrell as soone as for
my Prince.

Drawes his Rapier
Exeunt Om.

Roome, make way:

Hunger commands, my valour must obey.

Finis Act. 3.

ACTVS III. SCENA I.

Enter Count and Arrigo.

Count. Is the Duke private?

Arr. He is alone, but I thinke your Lord-
ship may enter,

Exit Count, Enter Gondarino

Gond. Who's with the Duke?

Arr. The Count is new gone in; but the
Duke will come forth before you can bee
weary of waiting.

Gond. I will attend him here.

Arr. I must wait without the doore.

Exit Arrigo.
Gond.

Gond. Doth he hope to cleare his sister, shee will come no more to my house, to laugh at me: I have sent her to a habitation, where when she shall be seene, it will set a glosse upon her name; yet upon my soule I have bestowed her amongst the purest hearted creatures of her sexe, and the freest from dissimulation; for their deedes are all alike, onely they dare speake, what the rest think: the women of this age, if there be any degrees of comparison amongst their sexes, are worse then those of former times; for I have read of women, of that truth, spirit, and constancy; that were they now living, I should indure to see them: But I feare the writers of the time belied them, for how familiar a thing is it with the Poets of our age, to extoll their whores, which they call mistresses, with heavenly praises? but I thanke their furies, and their craz'd braines, beyond beleefe: nay how many that would faine seeme serious, have dedicated grave words to ladies tooth-lesse, hollow ei'd their haire shedding, purple fac'd, their nayles apparantly coming off; and the bridges of their noses broken downe and have called them the choyse handy workes of nature, the patterns of perfection, and the wonderment of women. Our women beginne to swarme like Bees in the summer: as I came hither, there was no payre of stayres, no entry, no lobby, but was pestred with them: me thinkes there might be some course taken to destroy them.

Enter Arrigo, and an old deafe countrey gentlewoman suter to the Duke.

Arrigo. I doe accept your money, walke here, and when the Duke comes out, you shall have fit opportunity to deliver your petition to him.

Gentlew. I thanke you heartily, I pray you who's he that walkes there?

Arr. A Lord, and a Souldier, one in good favour with the Duke; if you could get him to deliver your Petition---

Gentlew. What doe you say Sir?

Arr. If you could get him to deliver your petition for you, or to second you, 'twere sure.

Gentlew. I hope I shall live to requite your kindnesse.

Arrig. You have already.

Exit Arrigo.

Gentlew. May it please your Lordship---

Gond. No, No.

Gentlew. To consider the estate---

Gond. No.

Gentlew. Of a poore oppressed Countrey Gentlewoman.

Gond. No, it doth not please my Lordship.

Gentlew. First and foremost, I have had great injurie, then I have been brought up to the Towne three times.

Gond. A pox on him, that brought thee to the Towne.

Gentlew. I thanke your good Lordship hartlie; though I cannot heare well, I know it grieves you; and heere we have beene delai'd, and sent downe againe, and fetched up againe, and sent downe againe, to my great charge: And now at last they have fetched me up, and five of my daughters---

Gond. Enough to damne five worlds.

Gentlew. Handsome young women, though I say it, they are all without, if it please your Lordship, Ile call them in.

Gond. Five women! how many of my sences should I have left me then? call in five Devils first.

*No, I will rather walke with thee alone,
And heare thy tedious tale of injurie,*

And give thee answers; whisper in thine eare,

And make thee understand; through thy French-hood:

And all this with tame patience.

Gentlew. I see your Lordship does believe, that they are without, and I perceive you are much mov'd at our injurie: her's a paper will tell you more.

Gond. Away.

Gentlew. It may be you had rather here me tell it *viva voces* as they say.

Gond. O no, no, no, no, I have heard it before.

Gentlew.

Gentlew. Then you have heard of enough injurie, for a poore Gentlewoman to receive.

Gond. Never, never, but that it troubles my conscience, to wish any good to these women; I could afford them to be valiant, and able, that it might not be no disgrace for a Souldier to beat them.

Gentlew. I hope your Lordship will deliver my petition to his grace, and you may tell him withall——

Gond. What? I will deliver any thing against my selfe; to be rid on thee.

Gentlew. That yesterday, about three a clocke, in the afternoone, I met my adversarie.

Gond. Give me thy paper, he can abide no long tales.

Gentlew. 'Tis very short my Lord, and I demanding of him——

Gond. Ile tell him that shall serve thy turne.

Gentlew. How?

Gond. Ile tell him that shall serve thy turne, begone: man never doth remember how great his offences are, till he doe meet with one of you, that plagues him for them: why should women above all other creatures that were created for the benefit of man, have the use of speech? or why should any deed of theirs, done by their fleshly appetites, be disgracefull to their owners? nay, why should not an act done by any beast I keepe, against my consent, disparage me as much as that of theirs?

Gentlew. Here's some few Angels for your Lordship.

Gond. Again? yet more torments?

Gentlew. Indeed you shall have them.

Gond. Keep off.

Gentlew. A small gratuitie for your kinnesse.

Gond. Hold away.

Gentlew. Why then I thanke your Lordship, Ile gather them up againe, and ile bee sworne, it is the first money, that was refus'd since I came to the court.

Gond. What can she devise to say more?

Gentlew. Truly I would have willingly parted with them to your Lordship.

Gond. I believe it, I beleeeve it.

Gentlew. But since it is thus——

Gond. More yet.

Gentlew. I will attend without, and expect an answer.

Gond. Doe, begone, and thou shalt expect, and have any thing, thou shalt have thy answer from him; and he were best to give thee a good one at first, for thy deaf importunitie, will conquer him too, in the end.

Gent. God blesse your Lordship, and all that favour poore distressed country gentlewoman.

Exit Gentlewoman.

Gond. All the diseases of man, light upon them that doe, and upon me when I doe. A weeke of such daies, would either make me starke mad, or tame mee: yonder other woman that I have sure enough, shall answer for thy sinnes: dare they incense me still, I will make them feare as much to be ignorant of me and my moodes, as men are to be ignorant of the law they live under. Who's there? My blood grew cold, I began to feare my Suters returne; tis the Duke.

Enter the Duke and the Count.

Count. I know her chaste, though she be young and free,
And is not of that forc'd behaviour
That many others are, and that this Lord,
Out of the boundlesse malice to the sexe,
Hath throwne this scandall on her.

Gond. Fortune, befriended me against my will, with this good old country gentlewoman; I beseech your grace, to view favourably the petition of a wronged gentlewoman.

Duke. What *Gondarino*, are you become a petitioner for your enemies?

Gond. My Lord, they are no enemies of mine, I confesse the better to discover my deeds, which sometimes were loose enough, I pretended it, as it is wisdom, to keepe close our incontinence, but since you have discovered me, I will no more put on that vizar, but will as freely open all my thoughts to you, as to my Confessor.

Duke. What say you to this?

Count. He that confesses, he did once dissemble,

He never trust his words: can you imagine
A maide, whose beauty could not suffer her
To live thus long unttempted, by the noblest,
Richest, and cunningst masters in that Arte
And yet hath ever held a faire repute;
Could in one morning, and by him be
brought,

To forget all her vertue, and turne whore?

Gond. I would I had some other talke in
hand,

Then to accuse a sister to her brother?

Nor doe I meane it for a publick scandall,

Vnlesse by urging me, you make it so.

Duke. I will read this at better leisure:

Gondarino, where is the Lady?

Count. At his house.

Gond. No, shee is departed thence.

Count. Wither?

Gond. Vrge it not thus, or let me be ex-
cus'd,

If what I speake betray her chastitie,
And both increase my sorrow, and your own?

Count. Feare me not so, if she deserve the
fame

Which shee hath gotten, I would have it
publisht,

Brand her my selfe, and whip her through
the cittie:

I wish those of my blood that doe offend,
Should be more strictly punisht, than my
foes.

Let it be proved.

Duke. *Gondarino*, Thou shalt prove it, or
suffer worse then she should doe.

Gond. Then pardon me, if I betray the
faults

Of one, I love more deerely than my selfe,
Since opening hers, I shall betray mine
owne:

But I will bring you, where shee now in-
tends

Not to be vertuous: pride and wantonnesse,
That are true friends indeed, though not in
shew,

Have entred on her heart, there shee doth
bath,

And sleeke her haire, and practise cunning
lookes,

To entertaine me with; and hath her
thoughts

As full of lust, as ever you did thinke

Them full of modestie.

Duk. *Gondarino*, lead on, wee'l follow
thee.

Exeunt.

ACTVS IIII. SCENA II.

Enter Pandar.

Pan. Here hope I to meet my citizen, and
hopes he to meete his scholler; I am sure I
am grave enough, to his eyes, and knave
enough to deceive him: I am believed to
conjure, raise stormes, and diuels, by whose
power I can doe wonders; let him beleeve
so still, beliefe hurts no man: I have an ho-
nest black cloake, for my knavery, and a
Generall pardon for his foolerie, from this
present day, till the day of his Breaking. Ist
not a miserie, and the greatest of our age,
to see a handsome, young, faire enough, and
well mounted wench, humble her selfe, in
an old stammell petticoate, standing posselt
of no more fringe than the street can allow
her: her upper parts so poore and wanting,
that yee may see her bones through her bo-
dies: shooes she would have, if our cap-
taine were come over, and is content the
while to devote her selfe to ancient slippers.
These premisses well considered, gentlemen,
will move, they make me melt I promise
yee, they stirre me much; and were't not for
my smooth, soft, silken Citizen, I would
quit this transitorie trade, get me an ever-
lasting robe, seare up my conscience, and
turne Serjeant: But here a comes, is mine as
good as prize: Sir *Pandarus* be my speed, ye
are most fitly met sir.

Enter Mercer.

Mercer. And you as well encountred, what
of this heire? hath your bookes been propi-
tious?

Pan.

Pan. Sir, 'tis done, shee's come, shee is in my house, make your selfe apt for Courtship, stroke up your stockings, loose not an inch of your leggs goodnesse; I am sure yee weare socks,

Mer. There your bookes faile ye Sir, in truth I weare no socks.

Pand. I would you had Sir, it were the sweeter grace for your legges; get on your gloves, are they perfum'd?

Mer. A pretty wash ile assure you.

Pand. 'Twill serve: your offers must be full of bounty, velvets to furnish a gowne, silkes for petticoats and foreparts, shag for lining; forget not some pretty jewell to fasten, after some little complement? if shee deny this courtesie, double your bounties, bee not wanting in abundance, fulnesse of gifts, linckt with a pleasing tongue, will winne an Anchorite. Sir, yee are my friend, and friend to all that professes good letters; I must not use this office else, it fits not for a Schollar, and a Gentleman: those stockings are of *Naples*, they are silke.

Mer. Ye are againe beside your text; sir they are of the best of wooll, and they clyped Jersey.

Pan. Sure they are very deare.

Mer. Nine shillings, by my love to learning.

Pan. Pardon my judgement, wee scholars use no other objects, but our bookes.

Merc. There is one thing intomb'd in that grave breast, that makes me equally admire it with your scholleship.

Pand. Sir, but that in modesty I am bound not to affect mine owne commendation, I would enquire it of you?

Merc. Sure you are very honest, and yet yee have a kind of modest feare to shew it: doe not deny it, that face of yours is a worthy learned modest face.

Pand. Sir, I can blush.

Merc. Vertue and grace are alwayes pair'd together: but I will leave to stirre your bloud Sir, and now to our businesse.

Pand. Forget not my instructions.

Merc. I apprehend ye Sir, I will gather my self together with my best phrases, and so

I shall discourse in some sort takingly.

Pand. This was well worded Sir, and like a Schollar.

Merc. The Muses favour mee as my intents are vertuous; Sir ye shall be my Tutor, tis never too late Sir to love learning; when I can once speake true latine—

Pand. What doe you intend Sir?

Mer. Marry I will then begger all your Bawdy writers, and undertake at the perill of my owne invention, all Pageants, Poesies, for Chimnies, Speeches for the Dukes entertainment, whensoever and whatsoever; nay I will build at mine owne charge an Hospitall, to which shall retire all diseased opinions, all broken Poets, all Prose-men that are fallen from small fence, to meere Letters; and it shall bee lawfull for a Lawyer, if he be a civill man, though a have undone others and himselfe by the language, to retire to this poore life, and learne to be honest.

Pand. Sir ye are very good, and very charitable: ye are a true patterne for the Citie Sir.

Merc. Sir, I doe know sufficiently their shop-bookes cannot save them, there is a further end—

Pand. Oh Sir? much may bee done by manuscript.

Merc. I doe confesse it Sir, provided still they bee Canonically, and I have some worthy hands set to um for probation: but we forget our selves.

Pand. Sir enter when you please, and all good language tip your tongue.

Merc. All that love learning pray for my good successe.

Exit Merc.

ACTUS III. SCENA III.

Enter Lazarello and his Boy.

Laz. Whereabouts are we?

Boy. Sir by all tokens this is the house, bawdy I am sure because of the broken windows, the fish head is within, if ye dare venture, here you may surprize it.

Laza. The misery of man may fully bee compared to a Didapper, who when shee

is under water past our sight, and indeed can seeme no more to us, rises againe, shakes but her selfe, and is the same shee was so is it still with transitory man, this day: oh but an houre since, and I was mighty, mighty in knowledge, mighty in my hopes, mightie in blessed meanes, and was so truly happy, that I durst a said, live *Lazarello*, and bee satisfied: but now--

Boy. Sir ye are yet asote, and may recover, bee not your owne wracke, here lies the harbour, goe in and ride at ease.

Laza. Boy I am received to bee a Gentleman, a Courtier, and a man of Action, modest, and wise, and bee it spoken with thy reverence Child, abounding vertuous; and wouldst thou have a man of these choise habits, covet the cover of a bawdy house? yet if I goe not in, I am but--

Boy. But what Sir?

Laza. Dost boy, but dost and my soule unsatisfied shall haunt the keepers of my blessed Saint, and I will appeare.

Boy. An asse to all men; Sir these are no meanes to stay your appetite, you must resolve to enter.

Laz. Were not the house subject to Martiall Law--

Boy. If that bee all, Sir ye may enter, for ye can know nothing here that the Court is ignorant of, only the more eyes shall looke upon you, for there they winke one at anothers faults.

Laz. If I doe not,

Boy. Then ye must beat fairly back, againe fall to your physicall messe of porridge, and the twice sackt carcase of a Capon, Fortune may favour you so much, to send the bread to it: but 'tis a meere venture, and money may be put out upon it.

Laz. I will goe in and live; pretend some love to the Gentlewoman, screw my self in affection, and so be satisfied.

Pan. This flie is caught, is masht already, I will suck him, and lay him by.

Boy. Muffle your selfe in your cloake by any meanes, 'tis a received thing among gallants to walke to their leachery, as though they had the rheume, 'twas well you brought not your horse.

Laz. Why Boy?

Boy. Faith Sir tis the fashion of our Gentry, to have their horses wait at doore like men, while the beasts their masters, are within at rack and manger, 'twould have discovered much.

Laz. I will lay by these habits, formes, and grave respects of what I am, and be my selfe; only my appetite, my fire, my soule, my being, my deare appetite shall goe along with me, armd with whose strength, I feareles will attempt the greatest danger dare oppose my furie: I am resolv'd where ever that thou art, most sacred dish, hid from unhallowed eyes, to find thee out.

Bee'st thou in Hell, rap't by *Proserpina*,

To be a Rivall in black *Pluto's* love;

Or movest thou in the heavens, a forme dishing the lazie Spheare (vine:

Or if thou beest return'd to thy first being, Thy mother Sea, then will I seeke thee forth, Earth, Ayre, nor Fire,

Nor the black shades below shal bar my sight So daring is my powerfull appetite.

Boy. Sir, you may save this long voyage, and take a shorter cut, you have forgot your selfe, the fish head's here, your owne imaginations have made you mad.

Laz. Term it a jealous furie good my boy.

Boy. Faith Sir terme it what you will, you must use other termes before you can get it.

Laz. The looks of my sweet love are faire, Fresh and feeding as the Aire.

Boy. Sir you forget your selfe.

Laz. Was never seene so rare a head, Of any Fish alive or dead. (Sir.

Boy. Good Sir remember: this is the house

Laz. Cursed be he that dare not venter.

Boy. Pity your selfe sir, and leave this fury.

Laz. For such a prize, and so I enter.

Exit Lazarello, and Boy.

Pan. Dun's ith myre, get out againe how hee can; (more

My honest gallant, ile shew you one trick Than ere the fool your father dreamd of yet.

Madona Iulia?

Enter Madona Iulia, a whore.

Iulia. What newes my sweet rogue, my deere sinnes-broaker, what good newes?

Pan. There is a kinde of ignorant thing, much like a Courtier, now gone in.

Iul.

Iul. Is a gallant?

Pan. A shines not very gloriously, nor does a weare one skinne perfum'd to keepe the other sweet; his coate is not in Or, nor does the world runne yet on wheelles with him; h'is rich enough, and has a small thing followes him, like to a boate tyed to a tall ships taile: give him entertainment, be light and flashing like a Meteor, hug him about the neck, give him a kisse, and lispig crie, good Sir, and h'is thine owne, as fast as a were tyed to thine armes, by Indenture.

Iul. I dare doe more than this, if a bea the true Court cut; ile take him out a lesson worth the learning: but we are but their Apes; whats he worth?

Pan. Be he rich, or poore, if he will take thee with him, thou maist use thy trade from Constables, and Marshals: who hath bin here since I went out?

Iul. There is a gentlewoman sent hither by a Lord, shee's a peece of dainty stuffe my rogue, smooth and soft, as new Satten; she was never gumb'd yet boy, nor fretted.

Pan. Where lies shee?

Iul. She lies above, towards the street, not to be spoke with, but by my Lord that sent her, or some from him, we have in charge from his servants.

Enter Laz.

Pan. Peace, a comes out againe upon discovery; up with all your canvas, hale him in; and when thou hast done, clap him aboard bravely, my valiant Pinnace.

Iul. Begone, I shall doe reason with him.

Laz. Are you the speciall beantie of this house?

Iul. Sir you have given it a more speciall regard by your good language, then these blacke browes can merit,

Laz. Lady, you are faire.

Iul. Faire? I thanke yee? all the poore meanes I have left to be thought gratefull, is but a kisse, and ye shall have it Sir.

Laz. Ye have a very moving lip.

Iul. Proove it againe Sir, it may be your sence was set too high, and so over wrought it selfe.

Laz. 'Tis still the same: how farre may ye hold the time to be spent Lady?

Iul. Foure a clocke sir.

Laz. I have not eate to day.

Iul. You will have the better stomacke to your supper; in the meane time, Ile feed you with delight.

Laz. 'Tis not so good upon an emptie stomacke: if it might be without the trouble of your house, I would eate?

Iul. Sir, we can have a Capon ready.

Laz. The day?

Iul. 'Tis Friday Sir.

Laz. I do eat little flesh upon these dayes.

Iul. Come sweet, ye shall not thinke on meat; Ile drowne it with a better appetite.

Laz. I feele it worke more strangely, I must eate.

Iul. 'Tis now too late to send; I say ye shall not thinke on meat: if ye doe, by this kisse Ile be angry.

Laz. I could be farre more sprightfull, had I eaten and more lasting.

Iul. What will you have Sir? name but the fish, my maid shall bring it, if it may be got.

Laz. Me thinks your house should not be so unfurnisht, as not to have some pretty modicum?

(per?)

Iul. It is so now: but cou'd ye stay till sup-

Laz. Sure I have offended highly and much, & my inflictions maks it manifest, I will retire henceforth, and keep my chamber, live privately, and dye forgotten.

Iul. Sir, I must crave your pardon, I had forgot my selfe; I have a dish of meat within, and it is fish, I think this Dukedome holds not a daintier: 'tis an *Vmbranoes* head.

Laz. Lady, this kisse is yours, and this.

Iul. Hoe? within there? cover the board, and set the fish head on it.

Laz. Now am I so truely happy, so much above all fate and fortune, that I should despise that man, durst say, Remember *Lazarello*, thou art mortall.

Enter Intelligencers with a Guard.

2. *Int.* This is the villaine, lay hold on him.

Laz. Gentlemen, why am I thus intreated? what is the nature of my crime?

2. *Int.* Sir, though you have carryed it a great while privately, & (as you thinke) well; yet we have seen you Sir, and we doe know thee *Lazarello*, for a traitor.

Laz. The Gods defend our Duke.

2. *Int.* Amen, Sir, Sir, this cannot save that stiffe necke from the halter.

Iul. Gentlemen, I am glad you have discover'd him, a should not have eaten under my roose for twenty pounds; and surely I did not like him, when a cal'd for Fish.

Laz. My friends, will ye let me have that little favour--

1 Int. Sir ye shall have Law, and nothing els.

Laz. To let me stay the eating of a bit or two, for I protest I am yet fasting.

Iul. Ile have no traytor come within my house.

Laz. Now could I wish my selfe, I had been Traytor, I haue strength enough for to endure it, had I but patience: Man thou art but grasse, thou art a bubble, and thou must perish.

Then lead along, J am prepar'd for all,
Since J have lost my hopes, welcome my fall.

2 Int. Away sir.

Laz. As thou hast hope of man, stay but this dish this two houres, J doubt not but J shall be discharged: by this light J will marry thee.

Iul. You shall marry me first then.

Laz. I doe contract my selfe unto thee now, before these Gentlemen.

Iul. Ile preserve it till you be hang'd or

Laz. Thankes, thankes (quitted)

2 Int. Away, away, you shall thanke her at the gallowes.

Laz. Adiew, adiew.

Exeunt Lazar. 2 Intell. and guard.

Iul. If he live, ile have him; if he be hang'd, there's no losse in it. *Exit*

*Enter Oriana and her waiting woman:
looking out at a window.*

Orian. Hast thou provided one to beare my letter to my brother.

Wait. I have enquir'd, but they of the house will suffer no letter nor message to bee carried from you, but such as the Lord *Gondarino* shall be acquainted with: Truly Madam, I suspect the house to be no better than it should be.

Orian. What dost thou doubt?

Wait. Faith I am loath to tell it Madam.

Orian. Out with it, 'tis not true modesty to feare to speake that thou dost thinke.

Wait. I thinke it to be one of these Bawdy houses.

Orian. 'Tis no matter wench, we are warm

in it, keep thou thy mind pure, and upon my word, that name will doe thee no hurt: I cannot force my selfe yet to feare any thing; when I doe get out, Ile another encounter with my Woman-Hater. Here will I sit, I may get sight of some of my friends, it must needs bee a comfort to them to see me here.

Enter Duke, Gondarino, Count, Arrigo

Gond. Are we all sufficiently disguiz'd? for this house where shee attends mee, is not to be visited in our owne shapes.

Duk. We are not our selves.

Arri. I know the house to be sinfull enough, yet I have been heretofore, and durst now, but for discovering of you, appear here in my owne likenes.

Duk. Where's *Lucio*?

Arri. My Lord, hee said the affaires of the Common-wealth would not suffer him to attend alwayes.

Duk. Some great ones questionlesse that he will handle.

Count. Come, let us enter.

Gond. See how Fortune strives to revenge my quarrell upon these women, shee's in the window, were it not to undoe her, I should not looke upon her.

Duk. Lead us *Gondarino*.

Gond. Stay; since you force me to display my shame,
Looke there, and you my Lord, know you that face?

Duk. Is't shee?

Count. It is.

Gond. 'Tis she, whose greatest vertue ever
Disimulation, shee that still hath strove
More to sin cunningly, than to avoid it:
Shee that hath ever sought to be accounted
Most vertuous, when shee did deserve most
scandall:

'Tis shee that itches now, and in the height
Of her intemperate thoughts, with greedy eys
Expects my comming to allay her lust:
Leave her, forget shee's thy sister.

Count. Stay, stay.

Duk. I am as full of this as thou canst be,
The memory of this will easily
Hereafter stay my loose & wandring thought
From any woman.

Count. This will not down with me, I dare
not trust this fellow.

Duke.

Du. Leave her here, that onely shall be her punishment, never to be fetcht from hence; but let her use her trade to get her living.

Count. Stay, good my Lord, I doe beleeeve all this, as great men as I have had knowne whores to their sisters and have laught at it, I would faine heare how she talkes, since shee grew thus light: will your grace make him shew himselfe to her, as if he were now come to satisfie her longing! whilest we unseene of her, over-heare her wantonnes, let's make our best of it now we shall have good mirth.

Duke. Do it *Gondarino*.

Gon. I must; fortune assists me but this once.

Count. Here we shall stand unseene, and

Gond. Madam, *Oriana*. (neere enough.

Oria. Whose that? *O!* my Lord?

Gond. Shall I come up?

Oria. O you are merry, shall I come down?

Gond. It is better there.

Oria. What is the confession of the lye you made to the Duke, which I scarce beleeeve yet you had impudence enough to do? did not gaine you so much faith with me, as that I was willing to be at your Lo. bestowing till you had recovered my credit, and confest your selfe a lyar, as you pretended to doe? I confesse I began to feare you, and desir'd to be out of your house, but your owne followers forc'd me hither.

Gond. 'Tis well suspected; dissemble still, for there are some may heare us.

Oria. More trickes yet, my Lord? what house this is I know not, I only know my self. it were a great conquest if you could fasten a scandale upon me: faith my Lord, give me leave to write to my brother?

Duk. Come downe.

Count. Come downe. (doore.

Arr. If it please your grace ther's a backe

Count. Come meet us there then?

Duk. It seemes you are acquainted with

Arr. I have bin in it. (the house.

Gond. She saw you and dissembled.

Duk. Sir, we shall know that better, (not

Gond. Bring me unto her, if I prove her To be a strumpet, let me be contemn'd

Of all her sex. *Exeunt.* *Finis Act. 4.*

ACTVS V. SCENA I.

Enter Lucio.

Luc. Now whilst the young Duke followes his delights,

We that do meane to practise in the State
Must pick our times and set our faces in,
And nod our heads, as it may prove most fit
For the maine good of the deare Common-
wealth:

Whose within there? *Enter a Servant*

Ser. My Lord?

Luc. Secretary, fetch the gowne I use to read petitions in, and the standish I answer French Letters with: and call in the gentleman that attends:

Exit Serv.

Little know they that doe not deale in State,
How many things there are to be observ'd,
Which seeme but little; yet by one of us
(Whose braines doe winde about the Com-
mon wealth.)

Neglected, cracke our credits unutterly.

Enter Gentleman and a serv.

Sir, but that I do presume upon your secrecie
I would not have appear'd to you thus igno-
rantly attir'd without a tooth-pinke in a rib-
ban, or a ring in my bandstrings.

Gent. Your Lordship sent for me?

Luc. I did: Sir your long practice in the
state under a great man hath led you to
much experience.

Gent. My Lord.

Luc. Suffer not your modesty to excuse it
in short & inprivate I desire your direction,
I take my study already to be furnisht after
a grave and wise methode.

Gent. What will this Lord do?

Luc. My book-strings are futable and of a
reaching colour.

Gent. How's this?

Luc. My Standish of Wood strange and
sweete, and my fore flap hangs in the right
place, and as neare *Machiavels*, as can be
gathered by tradition.

Gent. Are there such men as will say no-
thing abroad, and play the fooles in their
lodgings? this Lord must be followed: and
hath your Lordship some new made words
to scatter in your speeches in publicke, to
gaine note, that the hearers may carry them
away, and dispute of them at dinner?

Luc. I have sir: and besides my severall
gownes and caps agreeable to my severall
occasions.

Gent. 'Tis well, and you have learn'd to
write a bad hand, that the Readers may take
paines for it.

Luc. Yes fir: and I give out I have the palfie

Gent. Good, 'twere better though, if you had it, your Lo. hath a Secretary, that can write faire, when you purpose to be understood.

Luc. Faith fir I have one; there he stands, he hath bin my secretary this seven yeares, but he hath forgotten to write.

Gent. If he can make a writing face, it is not a misse, so he keep his owne counsell: your Lo. hath no hope of the gout?

Luc. Vh, little fir, since the paine in my right foote left me.

Gent. 'Twill be some scandale to your wisdom, though I see your Lo. knowes enough in publike businesse.

Luc. I am not imploy'de (though to my desert) in occasions forraigne, nor frequented for matters domesticall.

Gent. Not frequented? what course takes your Lordship?

Luc. The readiest way, my doore stands winde, my Secretary knowes I am not denyed to any.

Gent. In this (give me leave) your Lordship is out of the way, make a back doore to let out Intelligencers; seeme to be ever busie, and put your doore under keepers, and you shall have a troope of clients sweating to come at you.

Luc. I have a back-dore already, I will henceforth be busie, secretary run and keep the doore.

Exit Secretary.

Gent. This will fetch am?

Luc. I hope so. *Enter Secretary.*

Secr. My Lord, there are some require access to you about weightie affaires of state.

Luci. Already?

Gent. I told you so.

Luci. How waightie is the businesse?

Secr. Treason my Lord. (great

Luci. Sir, my debts to you for this are

Gent. I will leave your Lordship now.

Luci. Sir my death must be sudaine, if I requite you not at the backe doore good Sir.

Gent. I will be your Lordships intelligencer for once.

Exit Gentleman, Enter Secretary

Secr. My Lord.

Luci. Let'am in, and say I am at my studie.

Enter Lazarell, and two Intelligencers, Lu-

Lucio being at his study.

1. *In.* Where is your Lord?

Secr. At his studie, but he will have you brought in.

Laza. Why Gentlemen, what will you charge me withall?

2. *Int.* Treason, horrible treason, I hope to have the leading of thee to prison, and pricke thee on'th arse with a halbert: to have him hang'd that salutes thee, and call all those in question that spit not upon thee.

Laza. My thred is spunne, yet might I but call for this dish of meat at the gallows, in stead of a psalme, it were to be indur'd: the Curtaine opens, now my end drawes on.

Secretary drawes the curtaine.

Luci. Gentlemen I am not empty of waightie occasions at this time; I pray you your businesse.

1. *Int.* My Lord, I thinke we have discover'd one of the most bloodie Traitors, that ever the world held.

Luci. Signior Lazarillo, I am glad ye are one of this discovery, give me your hand.

2. *Int.* My Lord that is the Traitor.

Luci. Keepe him off, I would not for my whole estate have toucht him.

Laz. My Lord.

Luci. Peace Sir, I know the devil is at your tongues end, to furnish you with speeches: what are the particulars? you charge him with. *They deliver a paper to Lucio, who reads*

both In. We conferr'd our notes, and have extracted that, which we will justifie upon our oathes.

Lucio. That he would be greater than the Duke, that he had cast plots for this, & meant to corrupt some to betray him, that he would burne the Cittie, kill the Duke, and poyson the privie Councell; and lastly kill himselfe. Though thou deserv'st justly to be hang'd, with silence yet I allow thee to speake, be short.

(succeed,

Laza. My Lord, so may my greatest wish so may I live, and compasse what I seeke, As I had never treason in my thoughts, Nor ever did conspire the overthrow Of any creatures but of brutish beasts, Fowls, Fishes, and such other humane food, As is provided for the good of man.

If stealing Custards, Tarts, and Florentines

By

By some late Statute be created treason;
How many Fellow-Courtiers can J bring,
Whose long attendance and experience,
Hath made them deeper in the plot than J.

Luci. Peace, such hath ever been the clemency of my gracious Master the Duke, in all his Proceedings, that J had thought, and thought J had thought rightly; that malice would long ere this have hid her selfe in her den, and have turn'd her owne sting against her owne heart: but J well perceive, that so froward is the disposition of a depraved nature, that it doth not onely seek revenge, where it hath received injurie; but many times thirst after their destruction, where it hath met with benefits.

Laz. But my good Lord—

2 Ini. Let's gagge him.

Luci. Peace againe, but many times thirst after destruction, where it hath met with benefits; there I left: Such, and no better are the busines that we have now in hand.

1 Int. Hee's excellently spoken.

2 Int. Hee'l wind a Traitor I warrant him.

Luc. But surely me thinkes, setting aside the touch of conscience, and all inward convulsions.

2 In. Hee'l be hang'd, I know by that word.

Laza. Your Lordship may consider—

Luci. Hold thy peace: thou canst not answer this speech: no Traitor can answer it: but because you cannot answer this speech, I take it you have confessed the Treason.

1 In. The Count *Valore* was the first that discovered him, and can witnesse it; but he left the matter to your Lordships grave consideration.

Luc. I thanke his Lordship, carry him away speedily to the Duke.

Laza. Now *Lazarillo* thou art tumbl'd down The hill of fortune; with a violent arme; All plagues that can bee, famine, and the sword

(boyle)
Will light upon thee, black despaire will In thy despairing breast, no comfort by, Thy friends far off, thy enemies are nigh.

Luci. Away with him, Ile follow you; looke you pinion him, and take his money from him, lest he swallow a shilling and kill himselfe.

2 In. Get thou on before.

Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENA 3.

Enter the Duke, the Count, Gondarino, and Arrigo.

Duke. Now *Gondarino*, what can you put That may againe deceive us, (on now Have ye more strange illusions, yet more mists,

Through which the weake eye may bee led to error:

What can ye say that may doe satisfaction Both for her wronged honour, and your ill?

Gond. All I can say or may is said already: She is unchast, or else I have no knowledge, I doe not breath, nor have the use of sence.

Duk. Dare ye be yet so wilfull, ignorant of your owne nakednesse? did not your servants

In mine owne hearing confesse

They brought her to that house wee found her in,

Almost by force: and with a great distrust Of some ensuing hazard?

Count. Hee that hath begun so worthily, It fits not with his resolution

To leave off thus: my Lord I know these are but idle proofes.

What sayes your Lordship to them?

Gond. Count, I dare yet pronounce againe, thy Sister is not honest.

Count. You are your selfe my Lord, I like your settlednesse.

Gond. Count, thou art young, and unexperienced in the dark hidden wayes of women: Thou dar'st affirme with confidence a Lady of fiftene may be a maid.

Count. Sir, if it were not so, I have a sister would set neere my heart.

Gond. Let her sit neere her shame, it better fits her: call back the bloud that made our streame in neerenesse, and turne the Current to a better use; 'tis too much mudded, I doe grieve to know it.

Duk. Dar'st thou make up againe, dar'st thou turn face, knowing we know thee, hast thou not been discovered openly? did not our ears heare her deny thy courtings? did we not see her blush with modest anger, to bee so overtaken by a trick; can ye deny this Lord?

Gond. Had not your Grace, and her kind brother

brother,
Been within leuell of her eye, (her,
You should have had a hotter volley from
More full of bloud and fire, ready to leape
the window where she stood,
Soe truly sensuall is her appetite.

Duk. Sir, sir, these are but words and
tricks, give me the prooffe.

Count. What need a better prooffe than
your Lordship, I am sure ye have laine with
her my Lord.

Gond. I have confest it Sir.

Duk. I dare not give thee credit with-
out witnesse.

Gond. Doe's your Grace thinke we car-
ry seconds with us, to search us, and see fair
play: your Grace hath beene ill tutor'd in
the businesse; but if you hope to try her tru-
ly, and satisfie your selfe what frailtie is,
give her the Test: do not remember Count
she is your sister; nor let my Lord the Duke
beleieve shee is faire; but put her to it with-
out hope or pitie, then ye shall see that gol-
den forme flie off, that all eyes wonder at
for pure and fixt, and under it base blushing
copper; mettall not worth the meanest ho-
nour: you shall behold her then my Lord
Transparent, looke through her heart, and
view the spirits how they leape, and tell me
then, J did belie the Lady.

Duk. It shall be done: come *Gondarino*
beare us company,

Wee doe beleieve thee: shee shall die, and
thou shalt see it.

Enter Lazarello, 2 Intelligencers, and Guard.
How now my friends, who have you guard-
ed hither?

2 In. So please your Grace wee have dis-
cover'd a villaine and a Traytor: the Lord
Lucio hath examin'd him, and sent him to
your Grace for Judgement.

Count. My Lord, J dare absolve him from
all sin of Treason: I know his most ambition
is but a dish of meat; which he hath hunted
with so true a scent, that hee deserveth the
Collar, not the halter.

Duke. Why doe they bring him thus
bound up? the poore man had more need
of some warme meat, to comfort his cold
stomack.

Count. Your Grace shall have the cause
hereafter, when you shall laugh more freely:

But these are cal'd informers: men that live
by Treason, as Rat-catchers doe by poison.

Duk. Would there were no heavier pro-
digies hung over us, than this poore fellow,
J durst redeeme all perils ready to powre
themselves upon this State, with a cold
cistard.

Coun. Your Grace might doe it without
danger to your person.

Laza. My Lord, if ever I intended trea-
son against your person, or the State, unlesse
it were by wishing from your Table some
dish of meat, which J must needs confesse,
was not a subjects part: or coveting by
stealth, sups from those noble bottles, that
no mouth keeping alleagiance true, should
dare to tast: J must confesse, with more
than covetous eye, J have beheld those dear
conceal'd dishes that have been brought in
by cunning equipage, to waite upon your
Graces pallate: J doe confesse out of this
present heat, J have had Stratagems and
Ambuscadoes; but God bee thanked they
have never tooke.

Du. Count this busines is your own; when
you have done, repaire to us. *Exit Duke.*

Coun. I will attend your Grace: *Lazarel-
lo*, you are at liberty, be your owne man a-
gaine; and if you can be master of your wi-
shes, I wish it it may be so.

Laz. I humbly thanke your Lordship:
I must be unmannerly, I have some present
busines, once more I heartily thanke your
Lordship. *Exit Lazarello.*

Count. Now even a word or two to you,
and so farewell; you thinke you have de-
serv'd much of this State by this discovery:
y'are a slavish people, growne subject to the
common course of all men. How much un-
happy were that noble spirit, could worke
by such baser gaines? what misery would not
a knowing man put on with willingnes, ere
he see himselfe growne fat and full fed, by
fall of those you rise by? I do discharge ye
my attendance; our healthfull state needes
no such Leeches to suck out her bloud.

Int. I doe beseech your Lordship.

2 Int. Good my Lord.

Count. Go learne to be more honest, what
I see you work your meanes from honest in-
dustrie.

Exeunt Informers.
I will be willing to accept your labors:

Till then I will keep back my promist fauors:
Heere comes an other remnant of folly :

Enter Lucio.

I must dispatch him too. Now Lord *Lucio*,
what businesse bring you hither ?

Lucio. Faith Sir, I am discovering what will
becom of that notable piece of treason, enten-
ded by that varlet *Lazarello*; I have sent him
to the Duke for judgement.

Count. Sir you have performed the part of
a most carefull states-man, and let me say it
to your face, Sir of a Father to this state : I
would wish you to retire, and in sconce your
selfe in studie : for such is your daily labor, &
our feare, that our losse of an houre may
breed our overthrow.

Lucio. Sir I will be commanded by your
judgement, and though I finde it a trouble-
scant to be waded through, by these weake
yeares yet for the dear care of the common-
wealth, I will bruise my braines, and confine
my selfe to much vexation.

Caunt. Goe, and mayest thou knock downe
Treason like an Oxe. *Lucio.* Amen. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mercer, Pandar, Francisina.

Mer. Have I spoke thus much in the ho-
nor of learning ? learn'd the names of the
severall liberall Sciences, before my mari-
age ; and since, have in hast written Epistles
congratulatory, to the 9. Muses, and is she
prov'd a whore and a beggar ?

Pan. Tis true, you are not now to be taught,
that no man can be learn'd of a suddaine; let
not your first project discourage you, what
you have lost in this, you may get againe in
Alchumie.

Fran. Feare not husband, I hope to make
as good a wife, as the best of your neighbours
have, and as honest.

Mer. I will goe home ; good sir doe not
publish this, as long as it runn's amongst our
selves ; 'tis good honest mirth : you'l come
home to supper ; I meane to have all her
friends and mine as ill as it goes.

Pan. Do wisely sir, and bid your owne
friends, your whole wealth will scarce feast
all hers, neither is it for your credit, to walke
the streets, with a woman so noted, get you
home, and provide her cloathes: let her come
an houre hence with an hand-basket and shift
her selfe, she'l serve to sit at the upper end
of the Table, and drinke to your customers.

Mer. Arte is just, and will make me amends
Pan No doubt sir.

Mer. The chiefe note of a Scholler you
say, is to governe his passions ; wherefore I
doe take all patiently ; in signe of which my
deare wife, I do kisse thee : make haste home
after me, I shall be in my Studie. *Exit Mer.*

Pan Goe, a vaunt, my new Citie dame,
send me what you promised me for conside-
ration; & may't thou proove a Lady. (for it.

Fran. Thou shalt have it, his filkes shall flye

Enter Lazarello and his boy. Exeunt.

Lazarello. How sweet is a calme after a
tempest, what is there now that can stand
betwixt mee & felicitie? I have gone through
all my crosses constantly ; have confounded
my enemies, and know where to have my
longing satisfied ; I have my way before me,
there is the doore, and I may freely walke
into my delighis : knocke Boy.

Julia. Who's there ? *within.*

Laz. *Madona* my love, not guiltie, not
guiltie, open the doore. *Enter Julia.*

Julia Art thou come sweet heart ?

Laz. Yes to my soft imbraces, and the
rest of my overflowing blisses; come let us in
and swim in our delights : a short grace as
we goe, and so to meat.

Julia. Nay my deare love, you must beare
with me in this ; we'll to the Church first.

Laza. Shall I be sure of it then.

Julia. By my love you shall.

Laz. I am content, for I do now wish to
hould off longer, to whet my appetite ; and
do desire to meet with more troubles, so I
might conquer them :

And as a holy lover that hath spent
The tedious night with many a sigh & teares;
Whil'st he pursud his wench: & hath observ'd
The smiles, & frownes, not daring to displease
When at last, hath with his service woone
Her yeelding heart; that she begins to dote:
Vpon him, and can hold no longer out,
But hangs about his necke, & woes him more
Then ever he desir'd her love before :

Then begins to flatter his desert,
And growing wanton, needes wil cast her off;
Trie her, picke quarrels, to breed fresh de-
And to increase his pleasing appetite. (light,

Jul. Come Mousse, will you walke ?

Laz. I pray thee let me be delivered of the
joy I am so big with; I do feele that high heart

within me, that I begin to doubt whether I be mortall?

How I contemne my fellowes in the Court,
With whom I did but yesterday converse,
And in a lower and an humbler key
Did walke & meditate on grosser meates:
There are they still poore rogues, shaking
their chops,

And sneaking after cheeses, and doe runne
Headlong in chafe of every jacker of Beere
That crosseth them, in hope of some repast,
That it will bring them to; whilst I am here,
The happiest wight, that ever set his tooth
To a deere noveltie: approach my love,
Come let's goe to knit the true loves knot,
that never can be broken.

Boy. That is to marry a whore. (the gift,

Laz. When that is done, then will we taste
Which Fates have sent my fortunes up to list.

Boy. When that is done, you'l begin to
repent, upon a full stomacke; but I see, 'tis
but a forme in destiny, not to be altered.

Enter Arrigo, and Oriana. Exeunt.

Orian. Sir what may be the currant of your
businessse, that thus you single out your time
and place?

Arrigo. Madame, the businessse now im-
pos'd upon me, concernes you neerely; I wish
some worser man might finish it.

Or. Why are ye chaing'd so? are ye not
well sir? (so

Arr. Yes madam, I am well, wo'd you were

Oria. Why sir? I feele my selfe in perfect
health.

Arr. And yet ye cannot live long, madam.

Oria. Why good Arrigo?

Arr. Why? ye must die.

Ori. I know I must, but yet my fate calls
not upon me. Arr. It does; this hand the
Duke commands shall give you death.

Orian. Heaven, and the powers divine,
guard well the innocent. some good,

Arr. Lady, your prayers may do your soul
That sure your body cannot meritt by'vm:
You must prepare to die.

Orian. What's my offence? what have these
yeares committed, (State?
That may be dangerous to the Duke or
Have I conspir'd by poyson? have I giv'n up,
My honour to some loose unsetl'd blood
That may give action to my plots? (faults?
Deare sir, let me not dye ignorant of my

Arr. Ye shall not.

(honest;

Then lady, you must know, you are held un-
The Duke, your brother, and your friends in
court, (to me,

With two much grieve condemne ye: though
The fault deserves not to be paid with death

Orian. Who is my accuser?

Arr. Lord Gondarino.

Orian. Arrigo, take these wordes, and bear
them to the Duke,

It is the last petition I shall aske thee: (forth
Tel him the child, this present houre brought
To see the world, ha's not a soule more pure,
more white, (darinos

More virgin then I have Tell him Lord Gon-
Plot, I suffer for, and willingly: tell him it had
been a greater honour, to have sav'd than
kil'd: but I have done: strike I am arm'd
for heaven. Why stay you? is there any hope?

Arr. I would not strike. (known

Orian. Have you the power to save? be

Arr. With hazard of my life if it should

Orian. You will not venture that?

Ar. I will Lady: there is that means yet to
escape your death, if you can wisely appre-
hend.

Orian. Ye dare not be so kind? (it.

Ar. I dare, and wil, if you dare but deserve
Ori. If I should slight my lif, I were too blame

Arr. Then Madam, this is the means, or
else you die: I love you.

Orian. I shall believe it, if you save my life.

Arr. And you must lie with me.

Orian. I dare not buy my life so.

Arr. Come ye must resolve, say yea or no.

Orian. Then no; nay look not ruggedly up-
on me,

I am made up too strong to feare such looks:
Come, doe your butchers part: before I
would wish life, with the deare losse of ho-
nour, I dare find meanes to free my selfe.

Arr. Speake; will ye yeild?

Orian. Villaine, I will not; murderer, do
thy worst thy base unnoble thoughts dare
prompt thee to; I am above thee slave.

Arr. Wilt thou not bee drawne to yeild
by faire perswasions?

Orian. No, nor by——

Arr. Peace, know your doome then; your
Ladiship must remember, you are not now at
home where you dare feast all that come
about you: but you are fall en under my mer-
cie

cie, which shall be but small: if thou refuse to yeild: hear what I have sworne unto my selfe; I will enjoy thee though it bee betweene the parting of thy soule and body; yeild yet and live. (the tother.

Orian. Ile guard the one, let Heaven guard

Arr. Are you so resolute then? *Duke from above.* Hold, hold I say. (tragedy?

Orian. What I? yet more terrour to my

Arr. Lady, the scene of bloud is done; ye are now as free from scandall, as from death.

Enter Duke, Count, and Gondarino.

Duke. Thou woman which wert borne to teach men vertue, (thoughts, Faire, sweet, and modest maid forgive my My trespassse was my love. Seize *Gondarino*, let him wait our doomes.

Gond. I doe begin a little to love this woman; I could endure her already twelve miles off.

Count. Sister, I am glad you have brought your honour off so fairely, without losse: you have done a worke above your sex, the Duke admires it; give him faire encounter.

Duke. Best of all comforts, may I take this hand, and call it mine?

Orian. I am your Graces handmaid.

Duke. Would ye had sed my selfe: might it not be so Lady?

Count. Sister, say I, I know you can afford it.

Orian. My Lord, I am your subject, you may command me, provided still your thoughts be fair and good. (so,

Du. Here I am yours, and when I cease to bee Let heaven forget me: thus I make it good.

Orian. My Lord, I am no more mine owne.

Count. So: this bargain was well driven.

Gond. Duke, thou hast sold away thy selfe to all perdition; thou art this present houre becoming Cuckold: me thinkes I see thy gaule grate through thy veines, and jealousy seize thee with her talons: I know that womans nose must be cut off, she cannot scape it.

Duk. Sir, we have punishment for you.

Orian. I doe beseech your Lordship for the wrongs this man hath done me, let mee pronounce his punishment.

Du. Lady, I give't to you, he is your owne.

Gond. I doe beseech your Grace, let me bee banisht with all the speed that may be.

Count. Stay still, you shall attend her sentence.

Orian. Lord *Gondarino*, you have wrong'd me

highly; yet since it sprung from no peculiar hate to mee, but from a generall dislike unto all women, you shall thus suffer for it, *Arrigo*, call in some Ladies to assist us; will your Grace make your State?

Gon. My Lord, I doe beseech your Grace for any punishment saving this woman, let me bee sent upon discovery of some Island, I doe desire but a small Gondele, with ten Holland Cheeses, and ile undertake it.

Oria. Sir, ye must be content, will ye sit down? nay doe it willingly: *Arrigo*, tie his arms close to the chaire, I dare not trust his patience.

Gond. Mai'st thou be quickly old and painted; mai'st thou dote upon some sturdy Yeoman of the wood-yard, and he be honest; mai'st thou be bar'd the lawfull lechery of thy Coach for want of instruments; and last, bee thy wombe unopen'd.

Du. This fellow hath a pretty gaule. (part,

Cou. My Lord, I hope to see him purg'd ere a

Enter Ladies.

Oria. Your Ladiships are welcome: I must desire your helpes, though you are no physicians, to doe a strange cure upon this Gentleman.

Ladies. In what we can assist you Madam, ye may command us.

Gond. Now do I sit like a Conjuror within my circle, and these the Devils that are rais'd about me, I will pray that they may have no power upon mee.

Oria. Ladies, fall off in couples, then with a soft still march with low demeanures, charge this Gentleman, ile be your leader.

Gond. Let me be quarter'd Duke quickly, I can endure it: these women long for mans flesh, let them have it.

Duk. Count, have you ever seene so strange a passion? what would this fellow do, if a should find himselfe in bed with a young Ladie?

Count. Faith my Lord, if a cou'd get a knife, sure a wo'd cut her throat, or else a wo'd doe as *Hercules* did by *Lycas*, swing out her soule: h'as the true hate of a woman in him.

Oria. Low with your curseyes Ladies.

Gond. Come not too neere mee, I have a breath will poison ye, my lungs are rotten, and my stomack is raw? I am given much to belching: hold off, as you love sweet aires; Ladies, by your first nights pleasure, I conjure you, as you wo'd have your husbands proper men.

men, strong backs, and little legges, as you would have 'em hate your waiting-women.

Oria: Sir, we must court ye till wee have obtain'd some little fovour from those gracious eyes, tis but a kisse a peece.

Gond: J pronounce perdition to ye all; ye are a parcell of that damned Crew that fell down with *Lucifer*, and here ye staid on earth to plague poore men; vanish, avaunt, J am fortified against your charmes; heaven grant mee breath and patience.

1 *Lady* Shall we not kisse then?

Gond: No, seare my lips with hot irons first, or stitch them up like a Ferrets: O that this brunt were over!

2 *Lady* Come, come, little rogue, thou art too maidenly by my troth, J think J must box thee till thou bee'st bolder; the more bold, the more welcome: J prethee kisse me, bee not afraid. *Shee sits on his knee.*

Gond: If there be any here, that yet have so much of the foole left in them, as to love their mothers; let them on her, and loath them too.

2 *Lady* What a slovenly little villaine art thou, why dost thou not stroke up thy haire? J thinke thou ne're comb'st it: J must have it lie in better order; so, so, so, let mee see thy hands, are they washt?

Gond: J would they were loose for thy sake.

Duke She tortures him admirably.

Coun: The best that ever was:

2 *Lady* Alas how cold they are poore gols, why dost thee not get thee a muffle?

Arr: Madam, here's an old Countrie gentlewoman at the doore, that came nodding up for justice; she was with the Lord *Gondarino* to day, and would now again come to the speech of him, shee saies.

Ori: Let her in, for sports sake let her in.

Gond: Mercie O Duke, J do appeal to thee: plant Canons there, and discharge them against my brest rather: nay first let this shee furie sit still where she do's, and with her nimble fingers stroke my haire, play with my fingers ends, or any thing, untill my panting heart have broke my brest.

Duke You must abide her censure.

The Lady rises from his knee. Enter old gent.

Gond: J see her come, unbutton me, for she will speake.

Gentlew. Where is he Sir?

Gond. Save me, J heare her.

Ar. There he is in state to give you audience

Gentlew. How doe's your Lordship?

Gond. Sick of the Spleene.

Gentlew. How?

Gond. Sick.

Gentlew. Will you chew a nutmeg, you shall not refuse it, it is very comfortable.

Gond. Nay, now thou art come, J know it is the Divels Jubilee, hell is broke loose:

My Lord, if ever J have done you service, Or have deserv'd a favour of your Grace, Let me be turn'd upon some present Action, Where J may sooner die, than languish thus; Your Grace hath her petition, grant it her, and ease me now at last.

Duke No Sir, you must endure.

Gentlew. For my petition, J hope your Lordship hath remembred me.

Ori. Faith J begin to pitie him, *Arrigo*, take her off, beare her away, say her petition is granted.

Gentlew. Whether doe you draw me Sir? J know it is not my Lords pleasure J should bee thus used before my busines be dispatched?

Arr. You shall know more of that without.

Oria. Vnbind him Ladies, but before he go, this hee shall promise; for the love I beare to our own sex, I would have them still hated by thee, and injoyne thee as a punishment, never heareafter willingly to come in the presence or sight of any woman, nor never to seeke wrongfully the publike disgrace of any.

Gond: Tis that I would have sworne, and do: when I meditate with them, for their good, or their badde; may Time call back this day againe, and when I come in their companies, may I catch the poxe, by their breath, and have no other pleasure for it.

Duke Ye are most mercifull.

Oria. My Lord, I shew'd my sexe the better

Gond. All is over blowne Sister: y'are like to have a faire night of it, and a Prince in your armes: lets goe my Lord.

Duk. Thus through the doubtfull streames of joy and grieve, True Love doth wade, and finds at last reliefe.

Exeunt Omnes.

FINIS.

cic

